

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, NEUTRAL IN NOTHING AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

Vol. VI. No. 38.

J. J. BURKE
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning, May 18, 1893.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Antioch Time Table, Wisconsin Central Line.

Going North.	Arr. at Antioch.	Going South.	Arr. at Chicago.
No. 1, 10:15 P.M.	12:16 P.M.	No. 2, 4:50 A.M.	7:15 A.M.
No. 3, 8:00 A.M.	10:22 A.M.	No. 4, 8:55 P.M.	7:15 P.M.
No. 5, 1:00 P.M.	10:22 A.M.	No. 6, 10:00 A.M.	10:00 A.M.
No. 7, 3:30 P.M.	10:22 P.M.	No. 8, 1:10 P.M.	10:05 A.M.
No. 9, 5:30 P.M.	10:22 P.M.	No. 10, 10:30 A.M.	12:30 P.M.
No. 11, 8:00 A.M.	10:22 A.M.	No. 12, 6:11 P.M.	8:15 P.M.
No. 13, 10:30 A.M.	10:22 A.M.	No. 14, 6:25 A.M.	8:15 A.M.

Entered at the Antioch Post-office for transmission through the mails as second class mail matter.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN 60 DAYS.

J. J. BURKE, PUBLISHER.

A. F. BURKE, LOCAL EDITOR.

Antioch Home News.

Finest photo's at Kurtz' Studio, \$2.00 per dozen.

Wm. Ayling and wife, of Chicago, are at their cottage at Bluff Lake.

The old school building has been moved across the street onto ground purchased of John Welch.

Charles Harden's new barn is nearing completion. L. M. Haynes is doing the carpenter work.

We are pleased to note that Mrs. Joseph Rinear was at last accounts considerably improved in health.

Mrs. Adison Felter is quite ill at the present time. The News extends sympathy and hopes for her speedy recovery.

Ben Stone, Ira Simons and A. Lewis returned home the latter part of the week from Burlington, Wis., where they had been to close out a stock of goods purchased by Mr. Stone of Chas. Freeman.

The News extends sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Treiger, (nee Dora Barnard), of Chicago, in the death of their baby which occurred on Saturday last. The interment was at the cemetery here last Monday.

Mr. O. B. Brown, Kenosha's leading photographer, has associated himself with photographer Kurtz and will be at Antioch every Saturday. Special attention will be given to babies' and children's photos. The public is most respectfully invited to examine Mr. Brown's fine photos now on exhibition.

The sale of Spring clothing is taking on big proportions at the Model Clothing house, Waukegan. On Friday last they sold 24 suits, on Saturday 58, on Monday 81 suits. The cause of all this—people have found out that the Model has the best goods for the least money, in Waukegan.

The Security Savings Bank, of Waukegan, has a capital of \$50,000.00, transacts a general banking business; receives deposits of \$1.00 or more; pays 4 per cent on deposits. Money payable on demand. Customers' valuable papers kept in our vault free of charge. Watchman on guard all night. Choice 6 per cent farm loans for sale; principal and interest guaranteed. Chas. Whitney, Pres., W. C. Upton, Vice Pres., John Mulhall Cashier.

The question of closing all places of business on Sunday is now agitating the minds of many of our citizens. This, like all other questions, has two sides that should be considered. Many argue that it is entirely unnecessary to keep the stores and meat markets open during any portion of the Sabbath day. In the case of a private individual or family this may be true enough, but how about the boarding house or hotel keeper? The number of people he has to feed in a day is uncertain, and therefore he cannot in all cases make his preparations a day beforehand, not knowing for a certainty how many people he may have to feed for one or two meals on the day he prepares for. This is a matter that calls for much consideration, and a Sunday closing ordinance should not be too oppressive in its restrictions.

Rhian's Tablets cure headache.

Don't forget the May party at the Opera House Friday evening, May 20.

Mrs. C. O. Foltz and children returned home from Chicago the fore part of the week.

Uncle Rob. Potter started for Ainesworth, Ind., Saturday for a visit with relatives and friends.

Mr. Mallory, of Waukegan, was here the fore part of the week looking after the interests of the M. W. A.

Plenty of rain fell in nearly all parts of the state this spring and we ought to have good crops in consequence.

Mrs. Henry Willett, who has been quite ill for some time past, is we are pleased to note, rapidly convalescing.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Bryant, of Bristol, visited with their parents Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Grice, the fore part of the week.

Our clubbing rates allow us to offer you the ANTIOCH NEWS and Chicago weekly Inter Ocean or Journal one year for \$1.50.

L. J. Simons added another new bus to his livery stable the past week. It is a beauty all right, and will be on the road most of the time from now until the season closes.

I have for sale a loan of \$3,000, due in 5 years at 5 per cent per annum, secured by first mortgage on farm worth \$8,000 to \$7,000. I also have for sale good notes of \$100 to \$1,700, drawing 6 per cent. Write me if you want a good loan. URBAN J. LEWIS, Cashier, Kenosha, Wis.

Mrs. May Taylor has just received a large assortment of the latest Millinery and Ladies' Furnishing Goods and invites all the ladies to call and see her. Her stock is new and embraces all of the lovely creations of the milliner's art as well as the numerous odds and ends of feminine attire that go to make up the raiment of the society queen. A glance in her window will convince you that her stock is very fine and her prices are as low as the lowest.

Lovers of good horses and those interested in breeding them should not fail to see the three fine stallions owned by G. A. Voltz, which may be seen at his stable on the old Voltz farm one mile east of Liberty Corners. The list comprises, Gus Voltz, with a three-year-old record of 2:20; sired by Phallus, record 2:18; Lucky V., No. 8015, sired by Swigert, dam by Nutwood Chief; and Able, sired by California, dam by George M. Patchen.

The Chicago Evening Journal's Saturday issue is a paper of rare excellence in many respects. One of its most entertaining features is a series of short copyrighted stories now in course of preparation. They are by the best known authors of America, and Great Britain, such writers as Geo. R. Sims, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, John Habberton, Justin McCarthy and Henry Herman contributing. There is not a poor story in the series. The Evening Journal is a model newspaper for the family.

Miss Jennie Thorne visited in Chicago the first of the week.

Robert Treager, of Chicago, made our office a short call Wednesday.

L. J. Simons is about to erect a telephone between his hotel and the Sylvan House at Channel Lake.

We trust our readers will excuse the late appearance of the News this week and pardon any and all omissions in the summary of the local news and correspondence.

There will be a grand ball at Doyle's hall, Wadsworth, on Wednesday evening, May 24th, 1893. All are cordially invited. Good music will be provided. Tickets 50 cents; supper extra.

John Horton, well and favorably known throughout this county, died on Sunday last from cancer on the face. He was 73 years of age at the time of his death and leaves numerous relatives and friends to mourn his loss. The funeral was held Wednesday, the interment being at Grays Lake. The sorrowing family has our sincere sympathy.

N. Peterson has bought out the good will, stock and fixtures of Andrew Peterson in the wagon making business and now runs the shop in connection with his blacksmithing. Having secured the services of a competent wagon maker, he desires the people of this locality to call on him when in need of anything in his line. The wagon shop is now located over his blacksmith shop and he is in shape to do all work promptly and at reasonable rates. 3w 0-1

Mrs. W. B. Rogers died at her home in this village Friday, May 12th, 1893, after a lingering illness of many months, from that dread malady consumption. To her friends her death came not wholly unexpected. Months ago it was foreseen that little could be done to stay the ravages of disease, and her friends watched with heavy hearts the gradual approaching end. The funeral was held Sunday last from the Methodist church, the building being crowded with people who had turned out to pay a last tribute of respect to the deceased. The coffin was literally covered with flowers, tokens of fond remembrance from her many friends. After impressing ceremonies by the Rev. Abel the remains were laid at rest in the cemetery here. The relatives and friends have our sincere condolence.

GRASS LAKE.

Mr. and Mrs. Edd Lux, of Wadsworth, visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Selter, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rob Treager have the sympathy of their many friends in the loss of their little child.

Mr. and Mrs. Mosley Buckland, of Munster, Wis., are visiting with relatives and friends in this vicinity.

The Paddock House has been undergoing repairs this spring. A kitchen and piazza have been added to it.

Albert Herman opened his new hotel, "The Queen of the West," Monday. He has the best wishes of his many friends for a prosperous season.

The steam yacht "Alice," is now ready for the coming season. She will run between Ramaker's Landing and Lehman's Landing and anywhere else around the lakes between train time. Arthur Halstrom, of Evanston, is her engineer.

LAKE VILLA.

Hawkins' Slough is being put in to good condition.

Arthur E. Bedan, of Chicago, was in town Wednesday.

Mr. Darby and Mr. Allen are both recovering.

Mr. William Snyder is putting up a barn on his lot.

Miss Flossie Kerr is visiting friends in Waukegan.

Rev. S. H. Wirsching was well enough to be with us Sunday.

Belle, John and Deborah Cribb are very sick with diphtheria.

The Kingsley children are recovering from the scarlet fever.

Miss Jessie Bater, of Millburn, spent Thursday in Lake Villa.

Mrs. George Farrow has her first installment of summer boarders.

Mrs. S. Nichols, of Waukegan, visited Mrs. W. T. Kerr last week.

Mr. Thomas Wellbourn will occupy the flat in the Gail block vacated by Mr. Robertson.

Mrs. R. L. Strang and son, of Millburn, spent part of last week with relatives here.

Mr. George Robertson has moved to the city. Miss Eva will remain in Lake Villa this summer.

Mr. Joseph Pester has purchased and moved into the house on the south side owned by Charles Thorne.

Mrs. T. White and son, of Lyons, Neb., will spend the summer with Mrs. White's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Humphrey.

Rev. Warner, of Grace Congregational Church, Chicago, was in town Wednesday. He, with a party of thirty young Endeavorers from his church, will camp on the West bank of Cedar Lake this summer.

Service Sunday 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.—Young People's Meeting 6:45 P. M. Subject, "The descent of the Spirit upon our young people in these last days."—Joel 2, 28. Leader, Rev. S. H. Wirsching.

Following are the Good Templar officers for the quarter beginning May 1, 1893: Ethel M. Hughes, C. T., Cora Wallis, V. T., Mary W. Shultis, P. C. T., Frank Strang, C., Frank Sherwood, Sec., Mamie Flannigan, A. S., Fred Hamlin, T., Rich Manzer, F. S., Rola Shultis, S., Frank Hamlin, G., Charles Eames, M., Edith Robertson, D. M., Charles Hamlin, L. D., Bertha Denick, S. J. T.

ROYALIST 9438,

RECORD: 2.42.



DESCRIPTION:

Color Dark Bay, stands 10½ hands high, Weight 1300 pounds. He is expected to enter the list this Season. The blood lines of Royalist can hardly be excelled. He inherits speed from every ancestor for generations back. His full brother, Royalty, is the sire of two in the list; his full sister, Harriet, is the dam of one, and his half brother, Alexander, is the sire of two. Royalist has had but one of his colts handled, viz: Tossie D, record 2:34½ at four years old. Royalist trotted in 2:42 his first and only race, a record he is bound to considerably lower this season. For further information address as below.

GOV. VIDELL,

Well known to all horsemen and farmers as one of Chester Chief's most promising sons, is still owned by me, and will make the season at my stables at \$10 the season, \$15 to insure.

Tabulated Pedigree mailed on application.

F. J. DEITMEYER, Owner, Waukegan, Ill.

1875. { EIGHTEEN YEARS OF } 1893.
SOUND, SAFE AND SOLID BANKING.

DAN HEAD & CO., BANKERS, KENOSHA, - WISCONSIN.

Country Merchants, Livestock Dealers, Farmers, in fact all who are obliged to handle any money in small or large amounts, would find it pleasant and to their advantage to open a Bank account.

PAY ALL YOUR BILLS WITH CHECKS DRAWN ON THIS BANK.

Keep no money at your homes. Checks on this Bank pass at "Par" all over the United States; any store keeper will give you the cash for checks drawn on this Bank. DEPOSITS FROM \$1.00 UP RECEIVED. We also issue a "Bond Form Coupon Certificate," that draws 4 per-cent per annum, payable every six months.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS. If you have any money that you wish to loan on Mortgage Security we can place it for you. No charge. Good Mortgages on hand and for sale in sums to suit, that will pay you six per-cent interest.

City 5 per-cent and Government 4 per-cent Bonds for sale.

Our "Nickel Savings Bank," IS NOW OPEN AND IN RUNNING ORDER.

(Write us for particulars.)

We have ONE of the BEST Burglar Proof Vaults in the World. Bring in your valuable papers and deposit them therein.

DAN HEAD, President. URBAN J. LEWIS, Cashier.
Wm. ENGEL, V. Pres. F. W. ENGEL, Asst. Cashier.

WAUKEGAN

Abstract Co.

This Company is the sole owner of
The Entire set of Abstract Books
Formerly Compiled and owned by W. H. Ellis.

They are complete to all real-estate in Lake County from Government to date, and are the only complete Abstract books of Lake Co., real-estate.

We also have the set compiled by D. L. JONES, which gives us the advantage of two sets.

D. L. JONES, Manager. C. A. PARTRIDGE, President.

A. P. AMES,

— DEALER IN —

HARDWARE, TIN WARE,

BARB WIRE AND BUILDERS SUPPLIES,
Paints, Oils, Brushes, Calcimine, etc. New Process Gasoline stoves,

FARM MACHINERY, PLOWS, BUGGIES, CARTS,

WIND MILLS, HARNESS, PUMPS ETC.,
Milk Cans Our Specialty

ANTIOCH, ILL.

ANYTHING NOT IN STOCK PROMPTLY ORDERED.

No trouble to show goods, I am here to sell and all I ask is an opportunity to show my machinery and make prices. Call and see me.

New Shoes hurt one's feet.

There is a temptation to make the old ones do, even when they have begun to let in damp, rather than to hobble painfully in new. To combine the advantages of both

BEN STONE, Antioch, Illinois,

SELLS SHOES THAT DO NOT HURT.

Let are elegant shaped, wear well and do not cost dear.

Test this statement; a call will convince. Your old horror of new shoes will vanish. Our patrons neither hobble in new or slouch in supernumerated shoes. They

Walk in a more Excellent way,

BEN STONE, Repairs neatly and cheaply done.
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

WEEKLY NEWS REVIEW.

Latest Telegraphic News From All Parts of the World

Judson D. Lewis, a prominent member of the Stark County (Ohio) bar was adjudged insane at Alliance, Ohio.

The military has been sent to keep Frank C. Boss from building a railroad across the Puvallut Indian Reservation in Washington.

The consolidation of the Cleveland City Cable Company and the Woodland Avenue and West Side Street Railway Company has been agreed to.

John Hurst, a groceryman at Lexington, Ky., was shot five times in his store by Dr. J. E. Reider, who has been arrested. Hurst cannot recover.

One colored woman cut off the ears of another colored woman in South Carolina over the possession of a negro who was claimed as a husband by both women.

A severe windstorm at Astoria, Ore., overturned a number of fishing boats. Two fishermen are known to have been drowned and two more are missing.

Editor Carmack and Col. Collier of Memphis signed articles providing for an arbitration of their difficulties.

Edward Wood of Normal, Ill., has been arrested charged with bigamy.

The Union County Bank at Dongola, Ill., has been incorporated with a capital of \$25,000.

Two men were killed and two were injured in a wreck on the Ohio River Railroad at Walkers, Va.

The next meeting of the Order of Railway Conductors will be held at Atlanta, Ga., the second Tuesday in May, 1905.

A granite monument to the memory of James Warren Hope, known as the poet laureate of Virginia, has been unveiled at Norfolk.

Arthur Davis' jewelry store at Portland, Ind., was entered by thieves and fifty watches and 100 gold rings stolen.

A mass meeting of negroes interested in emigration to California was held at Chattanooga, Tenn. Five hundred will go.

Mrs. Charles Johnson of Batesville, Ind., was killed by a "Big Four" train as she attempted to cross the railway track in front of it.

Permanent injunctions were issued against several saloons in Muscatine, Iowa. The prosecutors say they will close all of the saloons in the town.

Gov. Altgeld has issued a requisition on the Governor of Indiana for Julius Herzberg, wanted at Centralia for larceny and embezzlement and under arrest at Centralia, Ind.

Filed applications at the Treasury Department: H. T. Fleming of Chicago to be Special Agent of the Treasury, and Hollis F. Knapp of Jackson, Mich., for a position in the public building at that place.

Secretary Hoke Smith has appointed a commission consisting of Capt. Anderson, U. S. A., the Acting Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, Assistant Commissioner Bowen of the General Land Office, and W. L. Campbell of the office of Assistant Attorney-General Hall, to consider the question of the needs of the Yellowstone National Park as to hotels and transportation, and to formulate regulations to govern the same.

John Jexoff committed suicide at Beardstown, Ill., by cutting his throat. He had been drinking.

W. L. Jacques of New York was elected president of the Hotelmen's Mutual Benefit Association, in session at Cincinnati, Ohio.

At Cleveland, Patrick Moran, for the murder of Frank Blakeslee and James Fox last Christmas night, was sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Ten suspicious characters were arrested on a train entering Lima, Ohio. It was thought they intended to hold up the passengers.

Count Sponebeck, Danish Minister in Washington, will be transferred to Vienna.

Columbus' ribbon factory in St. Etienne, Department of the Loire, France, was burned. Loss, \$1,000,000. Several firemen were injured.

It is announced that several German officers will assist at the maneuvers of the Italian military forces in Northern Italy, near the frontier of France.

The authorities at Bremen have ordered a quarantine against all vessels arriving from French ports. This action is due to the spread of cholera in France.

The British shipping federation, after a prolonged conference, has decided to make no concessions to the dockers. They must submit or cease working for their members.

It is rumored that the Austrian government has forbidden the production of "Falstaff" with Verdi leading the Trieste, as it fears that Verdi's appearance would be the occasion of an irredentist demonstration.

Business men of Vabash, Ind., have organized a street railway company with a capital stock of \$100,000.

John Fitzhugh, the Buffalo N. Y., murderer, who was to have been electrocuted this week at Auburn Prison, has been granted a stay of execution.

Content Over a Suicide's Will. MASCOUTAH, Ill., May 11.—The contest of the will of the late Rev. Harrison Thompson of Lebanon is on trial in the St. Clair County Court to-day. The deceased committed suicide some months ago by jumping into a well. He left an estate valued at \$30,000.

Died of Blood Poisoning. ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 12.—Dr. Henry J. Marks died of blood poisoning contracted while performing the operation of trephining on a little girl three weeks ago, and Dr. William A. McCandless, who assisted in the operation, is dangerously ill from the same cause.

Another Rioter on Trial. LAFAYETTE, Ind., May 13.—William MacKesy, who wielded a club on the stage at the Opera House riot, is now on trial, and an effort is being made to secure a jury.

MANY BANKS BROKEN.

Scores of Institutions in Distress and Many Go Under.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 15.—All Indiana is in a paralytic condition over the suspension of blue banks and a possibility of as many more banking concerns closing their doors. The banks that have closed their doors all belonged to the Paris-Dwiggins chain, which comprises about twenty-seven concerns in this State, whose capital ranges from \$20,000 to \$50,000. The first Indiana bank in the chain to suspend was the Commercial State Bank of Russia, Howard County. It closed its doors at 9:30 and telegraphed Auditor Henderson that it could not meet its demands owing the suspension of the Columbia National of Chicago. The auditor at once ordered the State bank examiner to proceed to Russia. The bank had a capital stock of \$30,000 paid in.

Hardly had the auditor started, the bank examiner to look into this bank failure when messages announcing other failures began to arrive. The second notice received was from Dunkirk. It announced that the Dunkirk bank closed its doors last evening. The capital stock of the bank was \$25,000, all owned by the Paris-Dwiggins syndicate. It is estimated that the bank's liabilities exceed its assets by \$70,000. Later came the notice that the Farmer's Bank at Greentown had closed its doors. Like the others, it was controlled by the Paris-Dwiggins pool, and was correspondent of the Columbian of Chicago. Ex-Gov. Ira J. Chase was a director in the bank, and John W. Paris of Chicago was president.

The fourth notice came from Morris-town, and was to the effect that the Commercial Bank of Morris-town had suspended. The bank was largely owned by local capital, but was a correspondent of the Columbian. Then came a notice that the bank at Howell, recently organized by the Paris-Dwiggins syndicate, had ceased to do business.

A message from Monticello was received announcing that another of the pool banks at Brookston had suspended and that many farmers were caught. About the same time the announcement came that the Commercial Bank at Walkerton had decided that it would no longer keep its doors open. It was owned by the Columbia, and like the others, suspended out of sympathy for the parent bank. The eighth notice was from Greenwood and stated that the Bank of Greenwood suspended at noon. The last notice of the day came from Geneva and was to the effect that the Farmers and Merchants' Bank, the oldest in the place, had closed. Farmers in the neighborhood were principal stockholders, but the bank was under the wing of the Columbia.

Private dispatches from over the State indicate that many more of the Paris-Dwiggins banks are on the verge of suspending, but for fear that publicity of the names might hurry the break it is suggested by the State examiner that they be not published.

CINCINNATI, Mich., May 13.—The Bank of Charlevoix closed its doors and placed its affairs in the hands of R. W. King as assignee. There was no run on the bank, but its affairs were in such shape that this move seemed necessary to do justice to all creditors. The firm is composed of P. Brown and his son, Garner H. Brown, and while their capital was not large they were supposed to be doing a safe and conservative business. The Northern Michigan Seed Company, for which the Browns furnished the financial backing, has been a heavy drain, parties who expected to put in additional capital failing to do so, and this company is included in the assignment. No other failures will result. The deposits will probably not exceed \$10,000. Robert W. Kane, the assignee, has not yet prepared a statement. The Browns have turned in everything, Mrs. Brown having waived her right of dower, and it is believed that every creditor will be paid in full.

HILLSDALE, Mich., May 13.—The First State Bank of this city has gone into liquidation and quit business. The business has been transferred to the Hillsdale Savings Bank, which will assume all the liabilities and pay depositors in full.

MADISON, Wis., May 13.—The Bank of Oregon, established about a year ago by Dwiggins, Starbuck & Co. of Chicago, made an assignment and its affairs were placed in the hands of Messrs. J. J. Lindsey and M. W. Terwilliger for settlement. The closing of the bank is due to the collapse of the Columbia National Bank of Chicago. The assets are \$25,000, liabilities \$30,000, of which \$25,000 is due depositors, who are nearly all business men of the village of Oregon.

WHEAT OUTLOOK IN KANSAS.

Not So Bad as Was at First Reported—May Get Half a Crop.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 15.—The condition of wheat in Kansas, the greatest wheat producing center in the United States, is fair. Wednesday night a glorious rain fell in portions of the State where it was much needed. There is yet, however, much territory to which wheat is suffering from drought. As is invariably the case there are contradictions in the reports sent in and some farmers interviewed take gloomy view of the situation, others are jubilant over the prospect. Summing it all up it is safe to say that Kansas is this year good for from one-half to two-thirds of a wheat crop. The yield of corn will depend largely upon rains. The present outlook is good for an average yield. West of Salina the rain was not heavy enough to more than temporarily help the wheat. The rain in Ellsworth County was light, and in Russell and Ellis there is much hope of a wheat crop in Russell and Ellis, even with the rain which fell Wednesday night. In Wallace, Logan and Gove Counties there has been more rain than in the three counties east of them.

FOREIGN FLEET BREAKS.

Blake Was the First to Leave—The Caravelle Coming.

NEW YORK, May 11.—The first break in the column of the visiting fleet occurred this morning when the British flagship Blake and her consort, the Magicienne, and the Tartar, hoisted their anchors out of the North River mud and steamed through the Narrows for Bermuda, whence, after a ten days' stay, the three vessels will proceed to Halifax. The Australia, on account of her being put out of commission in a couple of months, goes straight to the latter port.

SHOCKED TO DEATH.

CARLYLE HARRIS' LIFE ENDED IN THE CHAIR.

Declared His Innocence—Story of the Poisoning of His Wife, Helen Potts Harris, for Which He Was Executed To-day.

SING SING N. Y., May 10.—Carlyle W. Harris was "electrocuted" at 12:40 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Contrary to the custom here the death warrant was not read by the warden at midnight. The following witnesses were present in addition to reporters, some of whom were sworn as witnesses: John Harber-shaw of New York, Dr. D. R. Kidd of New York, Dr. D. P. Merrill of Elmira, Col. E. A. Rockwell of Buffalo, Dr. C. B. Cline of New York, Dr. R. M. Daniels of Buffalo, Dr. E. V. Sheehan of Sing Sing, Dr. Madden, representing District Attorney Nicoll, Dr. P. H. Pyne of Yonkers, Dr. Rockwell of New York, Warden R. K. Allen of Joliet prison, Illinois; Commissioner R. K. Durfee, Levi Waterman, D. Heenan, E. R. Brauer and Joliet, Ill., sent here to investigate electric execution with a view to its adoption in Illinois prisons and physician Irvine.

At 10 o'clock there was a long string of carriages in front of the prison and hundreds of people were scattered along the hillside. The death warrant was formally read at 8:30 o'clock. Harris displayed indifference and his reading did not noticeably affect him. Rev. John C. S. Wells, the prison chaplain, went in to see Harris at 9 o'clock and remained for an hour. After he came out Dr. Irvine went in and found Harris showing nervousness, but otherwise all right. He said afterward that Harris did not ask for morphine or any other stimulant. His only request was for two oranges. They were taken in to him. Harris was shaved and had his hair cut at 10:30. He then put on a new suit of clothes furnished by the State.

The fact that Harris is the first man with any pretensions to culture, refinement and intelligence who has taken his place in the electric chair is appreciated. Public interest in the cases of the thirteen men who have met their fate at the touch of the mysterious agent employed by this State has been confined to the method of the killing, as to whether it was quick and painless or slow and torturous. The electrocutions which have preceded the one to-day were the going to death of the brutes who had killed fellow-beings, and about whose guilt there was no doubt and in whose cases there was little to arouse sympathy.



CARLYLE HARRIS.

Story of the Crime. Carlyle Harris, the New York wife-murderer, who died yesterday, has probably attracted more attention than any other criminal for months. The desperate fight for her boy's life made by his mother and the equally desperate fight for his conviction made by the murdered girl's mother has intensified the dramatic interest of the trial to a wonderful degree. This erect, handsome man of 24 years has an unenviable history. Born in Glen Falls, N. Y., of a fine family, he lived with his mother in Brooklyn after she separated from his father. Mrs. Harris was poor and Carlyle passed through the stages of book-agent, clerk and actor before he took up the study of medicine at 19. In 1889 they went to Ocean Grove, N. J., to live and there he met Mary Helen Potts, the murdered girl. She was pretty and he took a fancy to her. Pretty girls were a weakness of his and his reputation for that direction was unsavory. The girl's mother refused to sanction their engagement, as while in Ocean Grove Harris ran a gambling house and saloon. After the return to New York Harris and Miss Potts were secretly married and in a little while he began to neglect her. She was in a delicate condition and an operation was performed to conceal her condition. After she had informed a friend of hers of the marriage in case she should die. Afterward her uncle, a physician, discovered her state of health, and she confessed the marriage, but Harris put it off. At the time he was carrying on an intrigue with a woman in Canandaigua, N. Y. Tired of the affair he gave his girl-wife some morphine pills for a headache. They killed her and he added to his infamy by claiming that she was a morphine-eater and had simply taken an overdose. He was very unconcerned over her death and repeatedly insisted that the medicine he gave her was all right. He displayed a wonderful nerve and coolness during the trial and only yesterday showed signs of weakening. He spent his last hours in writing a statement for publication, declaring his innocence.

TEN MEN KILLED.

Hostility Between Camps of Charcoal Burners.

DUNAPLO, Mexico, May 15.—A feud has existed for some time between rival camps of charcoal burners in the Sierra Madre mountains, about sixty miles this side of Mazatlan, and a few nights ago an employee from each camp having met on the narrow mountain road, one threw the other over a precipice and he was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. This led to a general conflict, between the two camps, in which ten men were killed and a number badly wounded.

MYSTERY STILL UNSOLVED.

Not Much Light on the Peculiar Tragedy at Des Moines.

DES MOINES, Iowa, May 11.—The mystery of the tragedy at the residence of Webb Moon, by which Dan Stewart lost his life and Mrs. Moon and two children had narrow escapes from death, is still unsolved. An autopsy was held on the body of Stewart and it was determined that his death was caused by poison, but the kind of poison was not decided. The doctors are positive, however, that it was not chloroform.

It was not until midnight that Mrs. Moon was brought to consciousness and then she claimed to know nothing of the cause of her condition. She claims she fed the chickens about 6:30 in the morning, then returned to the house, after which her memory was a blank. The oldest child can tell nothing except to say that all were sick. Investigation practically does away with the theory of assault on the part of Stewart as there were no indications of a struggle on the part of the dead man before the fatal dose was administered. Investigation also shows that the woman's clothes were not off and that her condition of nudity must have been voluntary on her part. It is also learned that the relation of Stewart and the woman were of the most intimate character. In the light of all the developments so far it is the generally accepted theory that Stewart's attachment for the woman led him to attempt murder and suicide rather than be separated from her.

BLOUNT FOR MINISTER.

He Has Taken Mr. Stevens' Place at Honolulu.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 10.—Officials of the State Department confirm the prediction heretofore made that ex-Representative Blount would be appointed minister resident to Hawaii. It has been supposed that Minister Stevens would remain in charge of the legation until the 24th of this month, at which time he had announced his intention of sailing for San Francisco. It is now known that Mr. Stevens was instructed to forth with turn over the legation to Commissioner Blount, who has been appointed his successor. There is reason to believe that Mr. Stevens was not allowed to remain in charge of the legation until the 24th inst. because of his activity in behalf of annexation. It is further stated at the department that Messrs. Brown and Sewall, who went to Honolulu shortly after Commissioner Blount's arrival, have been active in their efforts to stimulate sentiment on the islands in favor of annexation, and there is reason to believe that they have sought to create the impression that in so doing they were representing the President. Secretary Gresham has informed Mr. Blount that the President regulates everything said and done by these gentlemen. It will be remembered that Mr. Sewall was an applicant for the position of Third Assistant Secretary of State under the present administration, but failed to secure the appointment.

LOST WITH ALL ON BOARD.

Sealing Schooner, Wrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

HALIFAX, N. S., May 13.—The schooner Esperance, Capt. Richard, which sailed from the Margdale Island six weeks ago with a crew of ten, beside the captain, on a sealing voyage in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, has been lost with all hands. Part of the deck and cabin floated ashore at South beach.

It is supposed that she ran into the ice on the Columbia shoals off Grindstone during a snowstorm on Easter Monday, was crushed by ice and sunk. A schooner was seen in that dangerous spot before the snow squall set in, but after it cleared, nothing could be seen of the vessel.

Grindstone is felt for the safety of the schooner Marie Ann, which sailed from Little Bras d'Or some time ago for the sealing grounds and has not been heard of since.

HUSBAND'S FIENDISH CRIME.

Cuts His Wife's Throat and Then Crushes Her Skull.

St. Louis, Mo., May 13.—In a most horrible manner John Dally, a machinist, murdered his wife sometime last night. The family of husband, wife and seven children live at 2339 Chouteau Avenue. After the woman and children had retired Dally reached home from a "night out."

Entering the bedroom he found all asleep. Without awakening any one he drew a knife, forced his wife's head back and cut her throat twice from ear to ear, also crushing her skull with an axe.

He left the house and cut his own throat, but not fatally. He was found by an officer who arrested him and then investigated finding the woman dead and the 10-months babe still nestling in her arms. The Dallys had not lived happily, but no such denouncement had been thought likely to result.

FURMAN'S FINANCIAL LOSS.

Condition of Affairs After the Great Crash in Cordage Stock.

NEW YORK, May 11.—Now that the smoke of battle is beginning to clear away and the excitement is subsiding many remarkable experiences of speculation and investment in Cordage are being narrated not only on the street but in clubs and drawing-rooms. The heaviest loser is said to be Mr. John C. Furman, the brother-in-law of J. M. Waterbury. Mr. Furman last winter told many a number of his friends that he had made over \$150,000 in Cordage stock alone. Attached to his office were credited with "having cleared \$25,000, \$35,000 and other large sums. It was the policy of the Cordage people to sow these reports broadcast and with them to give "tips" to their friends at the clubs.

TEN MEN KILLED.

Hostility Between Camps of Charcoal Burners.

DUNAPLO, Mexico, May 15.—A feud has existed for some time between rival camps of charcoal burners in the Sierra Madre mountains, about sixty miles this side of Mazatlan, and a few nights ago an employee from each camp having met on the narrow mountain road, one threw the other over a precipice and he was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. This led to a general conflict, between the two camps, in which ten men were killed and a number badly wounded.

STAND BY THE PARTY.

NATIONAL LEAGUE OF REPUBLICAN CLUBS AT LOUISVILLE.

President Clarkson's Talk—Members Advised to Do Missionary Work Among the Young Voters Casting Their First Ballots.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 11.—Undismayed by the rout a few months ago the representatives of the young Republican clubs of the United States assembled in annual convention in Macaulay's Theatre. The platform had been banked with the choicest of flowers, palms and exotics.

Welcomed by Mayor Tyler, the convention was opened, with prayer by Rev. Dr. J. H. Heywood, of the Unitarian Church. Mayor Tyler, who was heartily cheered, delivered the address of welcome in behalf of the city. He said that he was glad, as the Democratic Mayor of a Democratic city, to greet so large and influential a gathering of Republican brethren, and that the city of Louisville would do its utmost to give them a genuine Kentucky welcome.

Chairman Clarkson, upon rising to deliver the annual address, was given a boisterous greeting. He began his address by declaring that the first generation of Republicans had made the name of the party glorious. It was practically a new generation that mastered here today. The democracy made up of old men never could defeat Republicanism, but the danger Republicans have to face now is a Democratic party made up of young men.

Mr. Clarkson then paid his respects to the Democratic administration as follows: "Cleveland has done several things. He has hauled down the flag where gallant Ben Harrison and the Republicans ran it up in the name of Liberty on the Sandwich Islands, and more than that he gave to a Confederate the first chance that any confederate ever had to haul 'old glory' down. [Cheers.] He and his Secretary of the Treasury have already given the country a plain forecast of Democratic ideas of finance and business; have already frightened the business world, practically made a suspension of discount in all of the banks of the country and created uneasiness and fear where safety and prosperity ruled before. The new administration also has shown an adverse balance of foreign trade in the last four months of \$80,000,000, as against a favorable balance of over \$70,000,000 in the first four months of the Harrison administration. [Renewed cheers.] It is also about to achieve another great result in proposing to pay the pensions of the Union soldiers in due bills. Already are the Democrats going at such a pace that it is plain to all honest men that the Republicans in the present Congress will have to choose between allowing the Democratic party to kill itself and protecting and saving the business interests of the country.

Then touching upon the color question Mr. Clarkson declared that the Republican party was a truer friend to the South than the Democratic party and said that the latter party had so far surrendered to the Republican position as to admit that the negro not only had the right to vote, but also to hold office. He instanced appointments of colored men to office by President Cleveland and their election to office in the South as Democrats. The speaker dealt with the negro question at considerable length, declaring that there would be no peace until it was settled according to the decrees of God and not the prejudices of men. He insisted, however, that the Southern negro was in a better position than the Northern laboring man, who was menaced by the degraded and cheap labor into which the Democratic party had forced and degraded the white man.

QUESTIONS OF FINANCE.

Coming down to the silver question the speaker said:

As to money and banking, the country will depend upon the Republican minority in Congress in defense from threatened peril and harm. Bimetallism will, of course, be maintained by the Republican minority in Congress will doubtless provide, with the aid of the conservative Democrats in this body, some provision in substitution for the Sherman act or in supplement to it, securing the continued enlargement of the currency of the country upon a safe basis, and in a manner which will preserve a continued parity in the value of coined gold and silver. Neither the extreme Eastern views favoring the free silver growing country to a gold basis, which in the whole world not \$100,000,000 of gold is mined yearly, or the view that would make money dearer and all other property cheaper, nor the extreme demands of inflation or carelessness money will solve the problem or save the country. This is a silver producing nation, and our money should be of gold and silver and paper, every dollar of which should be as good as the other, and the volume of safe and sound money made and kept sufficient for the demands of our expanding nation. If beyond this our banking system can be extended to the smaller towns and communities, so as to give the solvent farmer the ready benefit of his credit at as low a rate of interest as the business man is given, and if changes can be made in city banking so as to give the solvent workman as low a rate of interest as the business men have, very much good will have been attained, and very much of the prejudice now existing against the national banking system and the Republican party removed.

GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA.

DELEWARE BANKERS FAIL.

St. R. Robinson & Co. of Wilmington Suspend with Liabilities of \$200,000.

WILMINGTON, Del., May 12.—The announcement of the failure of St. R. Robinson & Co., bankers and brokers, of this city, caused a profound sensation. The liabilities of the firm are estimated at \$200,000, while it is said the assets will not exceed \$100,000.

REFUSED TO INTERFERE.

No Executive Clemency for Luttrell and Carllie.

AUSTIN, Texas, May 12.—Gov. Hogg has refused to interfere in the matter of the execution of the death sentences in the case of Luttrell and Carllie, who will be hanged to-morrow at Sherman for the murder of Scherman in Grayson County.

IN HIDING BUT NOT LOST.

OMAHA, Neb., May 15.—Mosher, the Lincoln banker, has not escaped, but in hiding in custody of a Deputy Marshal.

A BIG BANK CLOSES.

Chicago Shocked by Another Financial Crash.

CHICAGO, May 12.—The Columbia National bank, whose office is at the corner of LaSalle and Quincy Streets has just closed its doors.

No cause for the failure is assigned, but those who should know say that collections on loans have been poor. The officers of the bank are: T. Everingham, president; W. G. Bentley, vice-president; Zimri D. Wiggins, cashier; John T. Green, assistant cashier.

At 10 o'clock the doors remained closed and the following notice was posted for the information of the gathering crowd of customers, who were beginning to grow clamorous. There being a constant run on for a number of days, in order to protect the depositors and all interested the Board of Directors have decided to close for the present.

All depositors will be paid in full.

ZIMRI DWIGGINS, President.

Shortly afterward Bank Examiner Sturges arrived and immediately took charge of the closed institution. He proceeded to investigate the affairs of the bank and another notice was added to the decorations on the closed doors. It read:

The business of the Columbia national bank is suspended and I am in charge in the interests of the comptroller of the currency.

JAMES D. STURGES.

Mr. Sturges immediately held a conference with President Dwiggins of the bank and commenced his work of investigation. He apparently found little, for he said to a reporter: "There is nothing I can tell you at present. All the information I can give is in the notice posted by Mr. Dwiggins. I do not think there will be much loss, although I do not yet know how affairs stand."

The door key of the bank was locked and guarded by a burly officer from the Armory station. No one save employees of the bank were allowed to enter. The officials of the bank refused to make any statement save that the suspension was only temporary and that the bank had been paid 100 cents on the dollar for all liabilities.

The Columbia National bank was known a couple of years ago as the United States. Its quarters were at 218 LaSalle Street.

The failure will not affect Chicago's financial circles, as most of the bank's business was done in the country. It acted as agent for a number of country banks and placed loans for them in that account the suspension will be felt more severely in the country districts. The president, Zimri Dwiggins, came to Chicago from Attica, Ind., where he had been running a banking institution.

For the last week rumors have been going around that the Columbia was in a hole and its suspension was not a surprise. The character of the loans made by the bank had been criticized by financiers and it is said that its trouble is due to the same cause that compelled the closing of the Chemical bank—bad investments. One instance is spoken of where the bank is said to have made a loan of \$200,000 on an apartment building.

The capital of the bank is \$1,000,000, and it is said that the depositors will not lose a cent, as the bank had been paid reasonably sure of being paid in full. It did little business with other banks in the city, and was not a member of the Clearing-house.

TO DOWN THE COAL COMBINE.

National Conference to Be Held in Chicago June 5 and 6.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 15.—Twenty-six Governors have responded to the call of Gov. Nelson for a great anti-coal combine convention, among them Gov. Russell of Massachusetts, Gov. Pattison of Pennsylvania and Gov. Altgeld of Illinois. The Governors of Michigan and Rhode Island have referred the matter to the Legislatures of those States, which are still in session. Each State is entitled to ten delegates. The Chairman of the Minnesota delegation will be Ignatius Donnelly.

Gov. Nelson sent the following letter to the Governor of each of the forty-four States:

"Referring to my communication to you of the 17th ult., in which you were requested to name ten delegates to represent your State at the 'Inter-State coal combination and other unlawful trusts conference,' to be held on the first Monday in June next at such place as would be mutually satisfactory to the Governors of the different States and Territories, I have the honor to inform you that favorable responses have been received from a large majority of the Governors, who signify their intention of appointing delegates to attend this conference. It is evidently the wish of the majority of the Governors that the conference be held at Chicago, as a larger and more representative gathering can be had and the States will be more fully and generally represented."

"In view of this fact, the conference will be held at Central Music Hall, in the city of Chicago, on June 5 and 6, 1905, commencing at 10 o'clock on June 5. Indications point to a large gathering of representative men from the different States in the union and I sincerely hope that your State will be fully represented at the time. Kindly furnish me with the names and addresses of persons whom you appoint. I am, yours very truly,

"KNUTE NELSON,"

"Governor of Minnesota."

DELEWARE BANKERS FAIL.

St. R. Robinson & Co. of Wilmington Suspend with Liabilities of \$200,000.

WILMINGTON, Del., May 12.—The announcement of the failure of St. R. Robinson & Co., bankers and brokers, of this city, caused a profound sensation. The liabilities of the firm are estimated at \$200,000, while it is said the assets will not exceed \$100,000.

REFUSED TO INTERFERE.

No Executive Clemency for Luttrell and Carllie.

AUSTIN, Texas, May 12.—Gov. Hogg has refused to interfere in the matter of the execution of the death sentences in the case of Luttrell and Carllie, who will be hanged to-morrow at Sherman for the murder of Scherman in Grayson County.

IN HIDING BUT NOT LOST.

OMAHA, Neb., May 15.—Mosher, the Lincoln banker, has not escaped, but in hiding in custody of a Deputy Marshal.

SOME TYPES OF HANDS

A PRETTY HAND IS AN OBJECT OF ENVY.

Have You a Beautiful Palm?—If You Have It Is Well That You Should Care for It—English and American Styles.

DO YOU KNOW what type of hand you have? A pretty hand is an object of envy. If you have a pretty hand and do not know to what type it properly belongs, there is great danger of making a mistake in its treatment. Unless you care for your type properly, you will transform it into the beginning of another type and then your hand will lose a great deal of the beauty which it originally had, because you have not trained it to the height of beauty in its natural shape.

To begin with, you must know that there are six distinct types of hands. There is, first, the helpless type, or, as it is known among hand scientists, the aesthetic type. Then there are the Southern or American type, the artistic type, the sensitive type, the sensual type and the vital type.

The prettiest hands in the world belong to the helpless or aesthetic class. They are usually English hands and

are very large, perfect in shape and very white. Langtry and Mrs. Kennell have these hands in their perfection. And neither will conform to the style of wearing either long sleeves or loose sleeves, because these detract from the size and beauty of the hand.

The aesthetic hand, to be properly shown off, must have a very small, tight sleeve. This makes the hand appear large, and there must be no wrist trimmings or bracelets. The nails on such a hand must be cut very long and quite pointed to lengthen the fingers, and a ring may be worn on the first, the middle and the little fingers to make the hand appear broader, says the New York Recorder. Ada Rehan has these aesthetic hands. In fact, she wears a tight glove, and even sometimes—And when the plump static was cast in plaster it was she who suggested that the hands be made a little larger, so as to show how perfect they are in shape.

The method of taking care of these hands is peculiar. It originated with Lady Brooke, and was adopted by the Duchess of Marlborough as soon as she became acquainted with the English soil. The method is as follows: Each morning and several times a day the hands are washed in very hot water and soap, and are then dried, not upon a towel, but in a box of oatmeal. Langtry has an oatmeal box exquisitely set with jewels, which she takes with her wherever she goes. After washing, the hands are rubbed dry in the oatmeal, and are then dusted off with a soft towel. This is all the treatment they ever get, and it keeps the English type of hand in beautiful condition—firm, smooth and as white as bread.

The American type is quite different from the English, but it is just as pretty in its way. It is a short, thick hand, with chubby fingers and almost no wrist. Mrs. "Willie" K. Vanderbilt has a hand of this type, and she is so proud of it that she has had it done again and again in plaster, marble and bronze. It is the aim of this hand to appear small, just as English hands make the most of their largeness. To make the American hand appear smaller very long sleeves are worn, and they point in a V, which almost covers the knuckles, so that the chubby fingers peep forth, as if the hand were only half the size that it is.

An American hand properly dressed appears no larger than a pigeon wing, and the care which is put upon it is in the direction of making it still smaller. Miss Georgia Cayvan has a hand of the American type, and true to her artistic instincts, she wears the long, close, wrinkled sleeves recommended, and does not show the upper and fleshy part of the hand. Marie Tempest has such hands also, and it is said that by the flourish of her tiny palms alone, the Casino was brought from a lethargy into its present popularity.

The proper way of caring for the American hand is this: It must be carefully and brilliantly manicured. The nails should be cut round, so as not to make the fingers appear any longer; then the palms must be slightly tinged with rouge until they are just the shade of the rosy nails. The

hands must then be held very tight to gether for a few minutes while the palms are moist, so that there will be that wrinkled, crinkly appearance so popular to the palms of ladies' hands.

A Lord Byron was a special admirer of this American or Southern type of hand. He said that it always made him think of a rose, with its delicate pink tints, and that the fingers to be perfect must be like rose leaves, with a half moon upon them.

The artistic type of hand, you would think, ought to be a very pretty hand. But, on the contrary, it is not pretty at all. It is decidedly ugly. It is a thin hand, and shows the bones and sinews and sinews and even the veins themselves. Owners of these hands should be very proud of them, because their possession indicates much talent in special lines. But they must be careful, or their hands will never be admired. The artistic hand must be kept extremely clean and smooth. This can only be done by much cold creaming, many washings with almost soap and sleeping in gloves. The nails of such a hand should not be polished, because they are rarely of good shape, and a glittering polish would only call attention to their imperfections. They should be cut round, just even with the ends of the fingers, and no rings of any kind should be worn.

Sarah Bernhardt has aristocratic hands, and she well knows that the compliments which are showered upon her on account of her delicate hands are earned only by hours of work which she puts upon them to make them soft and smooth. And because she leaves them ringless. Whenever she can she wears gloves—as tight as possible. These make the hand look round and almost graceful. When Sarah has her picture taken she always wears gloves because every one knows that hands, even the prettiest hands are apt to "take" badly.

One of the loveliest types of hands is the sensitive type. The lamented Mrs. Whitney had such hands as this. They show a disposition which can sympathize with nearly everything. The owners of such hands are great appreciators of the artistic in painting, music and all kinds of art. They are rarely very skillful themselves, but they show a keen appreciation and a moderate degree of talent. Such hands are beautiful in their own peculiar way. They are thick and rather heavy. The fingers are thick down to the end, but are then so squarely rounded that they are symmetrical. The wrists are full and the thumb does not taper at all.

The owners of such hands must apply a hand bleach every now and then and all the "whiteners" they can find for, unfortunately, the sensitive hand is very sensitive to weather. It chaps easily, roughens with the wind and gets red when its owner blushes. By a great deal of care this type of hand can be made handsome. But not otherwise.

The sensual type of hand usually belongs to "funny" people—humorists—very stout people and people who enjoy being "Ex-Quits." Liloukaland has such hands in the perfection of the type. They are almost as broad as they are long and the nails are short and stubby. People who are fond of eating generally have hands like this and also very good-natured people. Such hands are apt to have a great look, and the owner must struggle with a constant desire to produce the gentlest and least pained required for the civilized idea of a beautiful skin.

The vital type of hand is a peculiar one. It is a man's hand, and the broadness of the fingers shows that it

is a hand which is meant to command. It tapers a little, it is rather broad, and is quite long, and neither very red nor very white. Thus, it combines all the characteristics of the other types. It is a well-balanced hand, and you would not expect it to be of a nervous temperament nor to indulge in hysteria or melancholia or any kindred nervous ills.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has a hand of the vital type. She wears a great deal of jewelry, and her hands are considered beautiful. Mrs. Cleveland's hands are also of this type, and so are Queen Victoria's.

The vital type of hand is a peculiar one. Such a hand is a man's hand, modified in shape and texture. It is plainly a strong hand, and its owner is always so proud of it that she brings it into prominence by rings and jeweled bracelets.

Beauty experts differ in deciding which is the most beautiful hand of the six different types. "Squire" Abington admired the Langtry type. Lord Byron favored the Southern type, while Oscar Wilde was an enthusiastic admirer of the somewhat bony angular, artistic type.

Taste of Electricity. Physicians explain in an interesting fashion that the electric current when applied to the tongue seems to taste sour. The gustatory or tasting nerves, according to the doctors, are industrious and well-meaning little things, and although it is not their business to take cognizance of any impression made by touch, they do their best to look after anything that happens to come in their way. Thus, when subjected to the electric current, they telegraph the fact in their own language to the brain, and as their language is exclusively that of taste, they inform the brain that an electric current is sour. The ordinary unsentimental citizen, having confidence in the stories told by his gustatory nerves, really believes that the electric current has an acid taste.

Physicians explain in an interesting fashion that the electric current when applied to the tongue seems to taste sour. The gustatory or tasting nerves, according to the doctors, are industrious and well-meaning little things, and although it is not their business to take cognizance of any impression made by touch, they do their best to look after anything that happens to come in their way. Thus, when subjected to the electric current, they telegraph the fact in their own language to the brain, and as their language is exclusively that of taste, they inform the brain that an electric current is sour. The ordinary unsentimental citizen, having confidence in the stories told by his gustatory nerves, really believes that the electric current has an acid taste.

The proper way of caring for the American hand is this: It must be carefully and brilliantly manicured. The nails should be cut round, so as not to make the fingers appear any longer; then the palms must be slightly tinged with rouge until they are just the shade of the rosy nails. The

hands must then be held very tight to gether for a few minutes while the palms are moist, so that there will be that wrinkled, crinkly appearance so popular to the palms of ladies' hands.

A Lord Byron was a special admirer of this American or Southern type of hand. He said that it always made him think of a rose, with its delicate pink tints, and that the fingers to be perfect must be like rose leaves, with a half moon upon them.

The artistic type of hand, you would think, ought to be a very pretty hand. But, on the contrary, it is not pretty at all. It is decidedly ugly. It is a thin hand, and shows the bones and sinews and sinews and even the veins themselves. Owners of these hands should be very proud of them, because their possession indicates much talent in special lines. But they must be careful, or their hands will never be admired. The artistic hand must be kept extremely clean and smooth. This can only be done by much cold creaming, many washings with almost soap and sleeping in gloves. The nails of such a hand should not be polished, because they are rarely of good shape, and a glittering polish would only call attention to their imperfections. They should be cut round, just even with the ends of the fingers, and no rings of any kind should be worn.

Sarah Bernhardt has aristocratic hands, and she well knows that the compliments which are showered upon her on account of her delicate hands are earned only by hours of work which she puts upon them to make them soft and smooth. And because she leaves them ringless. Whenever she can she wears gloves—as tight as possible. These make the hand look round and almost graceful. When Sarah has her picture taken she always wears gloves because every one knows that hands, even the prettiest hands are apt to "take" badly.

One of the loveliest types of hands is the sensitive type. The lamented Mrs. Whitney had such hands as this. They show a disposition which can sympathize with nearly everything. The owners of such hands are great appreciators of the artistic in painting, music and all kinds of art. They are rarely very skillful themselves, but they show a keen appreciation and a moderate degree of talent. Such hands are beautiful in their own peculiar way. They are thick and rather heavy. The fingers are thick down to the end, but are then so squarely rounded that they are symmetrical. The wrists are full and the thumb does not taper at all.

The owners of such hands must apply a hand bleach every now and then and all the "whiteners" they can find for, unfortunately, the sensitive hand is very sensitive to weather. It chaps easily, roughens with the wind and gets red when its owner blushes. By a great deal of care this type of hand can be made handsome. But not otherwise.

FROM THE ANTIPODES

AUSTRALIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A People Who Look at America as a Nation Slightly Behind Their Own Country—Their Splendid Showing at Chicago.

(Chicago Correspondence.)

THE AMERICAN people esteem themselves as the most progressive of the human family. "Westward the star of empire takes its way" is an old saying and a true one, but some people are of the opinion that America is no longer the magnet that attracts the star. These people came, as might be supposed, but from Australia. They are in Chicago in goodly numbers. They look at us as effete and old, just one notch ahead of Europe, two ahead of Asia, etc. Australia, they say, is the most progressive country under the sun. This, being a World's Fair, we must listen with becoming patience to this talk of our antipodean guests. Anyway, Australia is a great country and is making a great showing at Chicago. The country is divided into five colonies, all settled by English, Irish, Scotch and Welshmen. The province of New South Wales alone appropriated the sum of \$300,000 for the World's Fair. This is the only province officially represented.

The New South Welshmen—this term is correct—will make a brave display. Most of their goods have arrived, and the whole affair is in the charge of bright young men with English side whiskers and English accent and American manners. Their exhibit ought to interest those who want to know about the uttermost parts of the world.

One is apt to think of Australia as on the bottom side of the earth. And, in fact, many things there are upside down according to American and European notions. The trees shed their bark, the foliage turns down instead of up, as with us, and some of the birds and animals seem to have been made when nature felt in a peculiarly freakish humor.

"Melancholy," says Marcus Clarke, an Australian writer, "is the dominant note of Australian scenery." Well, the Australians are proud of the weirdness and melancholy that mark the typical Australian landscape, and

they have many square yards of pictures here illustrating these characteristics. This is one of the features of the New South Wales exhibit. It contains hundreds of these large pictures depicting Australian scenes from busy street corners in busy Sydney to the lonely ravines of the Blue Mountains or a solitary sheep herder in the "back country."

There is in this exhibit a very large collection of the strange animals and birds of New South Wales. Of course everybody is familiar with the kangaroo, or at least with its picture. Consequently the stuffed specimens exhibited will be no novelty, though some of them will be very large. But the most unique creatures of all will be the platypus, a strange kind of animal about the size of a raccoon, which has a kind of horn upon its nose, and lays eggs and hatches its young like a bird. Zoologists have agreed that the platypus is the oldest of all animals, and inquisitive Americans may study him here—in a stuffed state, of course.

Besides these there are stuffed specimens of emu, cassowary, wallaby, lyre bird, laughing jackass and all the other queer animals and birds that were never heard of until Australia was discovered.

New South Wales will also show some sections of big trees. It has been believed heretofore that the largest trees in the world were found in California and the Australian colony of Victoria. But New South Wales asserts that she can surpass either. Those in charge of the exhibit here say that the highest tree so far known in the world—480 feet—has been discovered in New South Wales, and others are there over 400 feet high. Sections of the gigantic fig trees are shown. These

more trees than any other, for it is pouring out silver so fast that it and the American mines together overshadow the gold product, and thus disturb the desired ratio of the two metals. The Broken Hill mine is producing now more silver than any other in the world, and rivals in riches the celebrated Comstock lode when that was at its best. In fact, the New South Wales people here say that it will soon lead all the silver mines of the world, past or present, Potosi and Comstock included.

But the Australians here will be a more interesting exhibit than any of their products, at least to the student of races, types, manners and human development. They are English, as has been said, in accent and dress, but are more American in manner. They are taller and slenderer than the English people, more vivacious, showing, perhaps, the effects of a warmer climate. Froude says that the English race can be reproduced with exactness only in the South Island of New Zealand, where he has the same soil

and moist climate that he finds at home. The appearance of the Australian certainly indicates a divergence from the English type on that continent.

These Australians affect not to be impressed by anything they see in America. One of them informed the World correspondent that he did not care for Chicago after Sidney. They have as much confidence in the future of Australia as Chicagoans have in their own town, and do not think that the United States is ahead of them at all. They have a national epic called "Australia," which runs like this: "Fruit Queen of Isles! Thou sister, vast, A host of vassals bending around thy throne; Like some fair swan that skims the silver tide, Her silken cygnet strowed on every side, So floated thou, thy Polynesian brood, Dispersed around thee on thy Ocean flood, While every surge that doth thy bosom lave Salutes thee 'Empress of the Southern Wave.'"

And so on, for many hundreds of lines. William Charles Wentworth is the author. There may be some doubt about the poetic merit, but there is none about the resplendent patriotism of this composition.

But aside from these questions and for itself alone the exhibit from New South Wales will be well worth seeing. The other Australian colonies will be represented by private exhibits, and it is very enterprising for so young a country to send goods such a vast distance. The Australians, who are in a certain sense Uncle Sam's younger brothers, have a right to be proud.

SCHOOL FOR TRAMPS. A Queer Nest Discovered by a Connecticut Missionary.

(Norwich, Conn., Correspondence.) Among the varied experiences of City Missionary George W. Swan, none is more remarkable than a recent trip to a rendezvous of tramps at Watertown,

Mass. Mr. Swan learned of the existence of the den from a prisoner discharged from the Norwich jail and resolved to institute a personal investigation. Disguising himself as a "knight of the turn-pike," in company with the man, he journeyed into the Bay State and spent several hours at the unique haunt. He found several gangs of tramps, but all under one head.

"The den was located in an overhanging cliff," said Mr. Swan, in telling of his incident. "The entrance was just large enough to allow a man to crawl through. The interior was a natural cave, 10x12 feet, barely high enough for a man to stand upright."

"No tramps that work, or are looking for or expecting work, can get any sympathy or assistance here. The cliff is the rendezvous for the unwashed tramp. All the slang of the day is rehearsed and the tricks of the tramp profession discussed. The begging dodge is practiced until perfected."

"One tramp said the 'splintered arm' racket was paying the best. All one had to do was to get a doctor, or some hospital patient that understood it, to put a plaster of paris cast on one arm and then work the begging racket in as many towns as possible."

The city missionary gathered in a stock of valuable information from the congregated wanderers, several of whom he has met in this city since. One young man he detected playing the begging game and had him arrested. During Mr. Swan's stay in the den the talk turned on the attitude of various cities toward the tramps, and he heard several of the gentry advise their companions to give Norwich a cold shoulder, as its charity system was severe on the undeserving.

Bonnets are, with the exception of the poke bonnet, very small, and the largest hats severely restrained in size. Some of the new flower bonnets are in Greek bands lying close to the head. These bonnets have an upright plaiting of fine lace at the side.

More trees than any other, for it is pouring out silver so fast that it and the American mines together overshadow the gold product, and thus disturb the desired ratio of the two metals. The Broken Hill mine is producing now more silver than any other in the world, and rivals in riches the celebrated Comstock lode when that was at its best. In fact, the New South Wales people here say that it will soon lead all the silver mines of the world, past or present, Potosi and Comstock included.

But the Australians here will be a more interesting exhibit than any of their products, at least to the student of races, types, manners and human development. They are English, as has been said, in accent and dress, but are more American in manner. They are taller and slenderer than the English people, more vivacious, showing, perhaps, the effects of a warmer climate. Froude says that the English race can be reproduced with exactness only in the South Island of New Zealand, where he has the same soil

and moist climate that he finds at home. The appearance of the Australian certainly indicates a divergence from the English type on that continent.

These Australians affect not to be impressed by anything they see in America. One of them informed the World correspondent that he did not care for Chicago after Sidney. They have as much confidence in the future of Australia as Chicagoans have in their own town, and do not think that the United States is ahead of them at all. They have a national epic called "Australia," which runs like this: "Fruit Queen of Isles! Thou sister, vast, A host of vassals bending around thy throne; Like some fair swan that skims the silver tide, Her silken cygnet strowed on every side, So floated thou, thy Polynesian brood, Dispersed around thee on thy Ocean flood, While every surge that doth thy bosom lave Salutes thee 'Empress of the Southern Wave.'"

And so on, for many hundreds of lines. William Charles Wentworth is the author. There may be some doubt about the poetic merit, but there is none about the resplendent patriotism of this composition.

But aside from these questions and for itself alone the exhibit from New South Wales will be well worth seeing. The other Australian colonies will be represented by private exhibits, and it is very enterprising for so young a country to send goods such a vast distance. The Australians, who are in a certain sense Uncle Sam's younger brothers, have a right to be proud.

SCHOOL FOR TRAMPS. A Queer Nest Discovered by a Connecticut Missionary.

(Norwich, Conn., Correspondence.) Among the varied experiences of City Missionary George W. Swan, none is more remarkable than a recent trip to a rendezvous of tramps at Watertown,

Mass. Mr. Swan learned of the existence of the den from a prisoner discharged from the Norwich jail and resolved to institute a personal investigation. Disguising himself as a "knight of the turn-pike," in company with the man, he journeyed into the Bay State and spent several hours at the unique haunt. He found several gangs of tramps, but all under one head.

"The den was located in an overhanging cliff," said Mr. Swan, in telling of his incident. "The entrance was just large enough to allow a man to crawl through. The interior was a natural cave, 10x12 feet, barely high enough for a man to stand upright."

"No tramps that work, or are looking for or expecting work, can get any sympathy or assistance here. The cliff is the rendezvous for the unwashed tramp. All the slang of the day is rehearsed and the tricks of the tramp profession discussed. The begging dodge is practiced until perfected."

"One tramp said the 'splintered arm' racket was paying the best. All one had to do was to get a doctor, or some hospital patient that understood it, to put a plaster of paris cast on one arm and then work the begging racket in as many towns as possible."

The city missionary gathered in a stock of valuable information from the congregated wanderers, several of whom he has met in this city since. One young man he detected playing the begging game and had him arrested. During Mr. Swan's stay in the den the talk turned on the attitude of various cities toward the tramps, and he heard several of the gentry advise their companions to give Norwich a cold shoulder, as its charity system was severe on the undeserving.

more trees than any other, for it is pouring out silver so fast that it and the American mines together overshadow the gold product, and thus disturb the desired ratio of the two metals. The Broken Hill mine is producing now more silver than any other in the world, and rivals in riches the celebrated Comstock lode when that was at its best. In fact, the New South Wales people here say that it will soon lead all the silver mines of the world, past or present, Potosi and Comstock included.

But the Australians here will be a more interesting exhibit than any of their products, at least to the student of races, types, manners and human development. They are English, as has been said, in accent and dress, but are more American in manner. They are taller and slenderer than the English people, more vivacious, showing, perhaps, the effects of a warmer climate. Froude says that the English race can be reproduced with exactness only in the South Island of New Zealand, where he has the same soil

and moist climate that he finds at home. The appearance of the Australian certainly indicates a divergence from the English type on that continent.

These Australians affect not to be impressed by anything they see in America. One of them informed the World correspondent that he did not care for Chicago after Sidney. They have as much confidence in the future of Australia as Chicagoans have in their own town, and do not think that the United States is ahead of them at all. They have a national epic called "Australia," which runs like this: "Fruit Queen of Isles! Thou sister, vast, A host of vassals bending around thy throne; Like some fair swan that skims the silver tide, Her silken cygnet strowed on every side, So floated thou, thy Polynesian brood, Dispersed around thee on thy Ocean flood, While every surge that doth thy bosom lave Salutes thee 'Empress of the Southern Wave.'"

And so on, for many hundreds of lines. William Charles Wentworth is the author. There may be some doubt about the poetic merit, but there is none about the resplendent patriotism of this composition.

But aside from these questions and for itself alone the exhibit from New South Wales will be well worth seeing. The other Australian colonies will be represented by private exhibits, and it is very enterprising for so young a country to send goods such a vast distance. The Australians, who are in a certain sense Uncle Sam's younger brothers, have a right to be proud.

SCHOOL FOR TRAMPS. A Queer Nest Discovered by a Connecticut Missionary.

(Norwich, Conn., Correspondence.) Among the varied experiences of City Missionary George W. Swan, none is more remarkable than a recent trip to a rendezvous of tramps at Watertown,

Mass. Mr. Swan learned of the existence of the den from a prisoner discharged from the Norwich jail and resolved to institute a personal investigation. Disguising himself as a "knight of the turn-pike," in company with the man, he journeyed into the Bay State and spent several hours at the unique haunt. He found several gangs of tramps, but all under one head.

"The den was located in an overhanging cliff," said Mr. Swan, in telling of his incident. "The entrance was just large enough to allow a man to crawl through. The interior was a natural cave, 10x12 feet, barely high enough for a man to stand upright."

"No tramps that work, or are looking for or expecting work, can get any sympathy or assistance here. The cliff is the rendezvous for the unwashed tramp. All the slang of the day is rehearsed and the tricks of the tramp profession discussed. The begging dodge is practiced until perfected."

"One tramp said the 'splintered arm' racket was paying the best. All one had to do was to get a doctor, or some hospital patient that understood it, to put a plaster of paris cast on one arm and then work the begging racket in as many towns as possible."

The city missionary gathered in a stock of valuable information from the congregated wanderers, several of whom he has met in this city since. One young man he detected playing the begging game and had him arrested. During Mr. Swan's stay in the den the talk turned on the attitude of various cities toward the tramps, and he heard several of the gentry advise their companions to give Norwich a cold shoulder, as its charity system was severe on the undeserving.

Bonnets are, with the exception of the poke bonnet, very small, and the largest hats severely restrained in size. Some of the new flower bonnets are in Greek bands lying close to the head. These bonnets have an upright plaiting of fine lace at the side.

More trees than any other, for it is pouring out silver so fast that it and the American mines together overshadow the gold product, and thus disturb the desired ratio of the two metals. The Broken Hill mine is producing now more silver than any other in the world, and rivals in riches the celebrated Comstock lode when that was at its best. In fact, the New South Wales people here say that it will soon lead all the silver mines of the world, past or present, Potosi and Comstock included.

But the Australians here will be a more interesting exhibit than any of their products, at least to the student of races, types, manners and human development. They are English, as has been said, in accent and dress, but are more American in manner. They are taller and slenderer than the English people, more vivacious, showing, perhaps, the effects of a warmer climate. Froude says that the English race can be reproduced with exactness only in the South Island of New Zealand, where he has the same soil

and moist climate that he finds at home. The appearance of the Australian certainly indicates a divergence from the English type on that continent.

These Australians affect not to be impressed by anything they see in America. One of them informed the World correspondent that he did not care for Chicago after Sidney. They have as much confidence in the future of Australia as Chicagoans have in their own town, and do not think that the United States is ahead of them at all. They have a national epic called "Australia," which runs like this: "Fruit Queen of Isles! Thou sister, vast, A host of vassals bending around thy throne; Like some fair swan that skims the silver tide, Her silken cygnet strowed on every side, So floated thou, thy Polynesian brood, Dispersed around thee on thy Ocean flood, While every surge that doth thy bosom lave Salutes thee 'Empress of the Southern Wave.'"

And so on, for many hundreds of lines. William Charles Wentworth is the author. There may be some doubt about the poetic merit, but there is none about the resplendent patriotism of this composition.

But aside from these questions and for itself alone the exhibit from New South Wales will be well worth seeing. The other Australian colonies will be represented by private exhibits, and it is very enterprising for so young a country to send goods such a vast distance. The Australians, who are in a certain sense Uncle Sam's younger brothers, have a right to be proud.

SCHOOL FOR TRAMPS. A Queer Nest Discovered by a Connecticut Missionary.

(Norwich, Conn., Correspondence.) Among the varied experiences of City Missionary George W. Swan, none is more remarkable than a recent trip to a rendezvous of tramps at Watertown,

Mass. Mr. Swan learned of the existence of the den from a prisoner discharged from the Norwich jail and resolved to institute a personal investigation. Disguising himself as a "knight of the turn-pike," in company with the man, he journeyed into the Bay State and spent several hours at the unique haunt. He found several gangs of tramps, but all under one head.

"The den was located in an overhanging cliff," said Mr. Swan, in telling of his incident. "The entrance was just large enough to allow a man to crawl through. The interior was a natural cave, 10x12 feet, barely high enough for a man to stand upright."

"No tramps that work, or are looking for or expecting work, can get any sympathy or assistance here. The cliff is the rendezvous for the unwashed tramp. All the slang of the day is rehearsed and the tricks of the tramp profession discussed. The begging dodge is practiced until perfected."

"One tramp said the 'splintered arm' racket was paying the best. All one had to do was to get a doctor, or some hospital patient that understood it, to put a plaster of paris cast on one arm and then work the begging racket in as many towns as possible."

The city missionary gathered in a stock of valuable information from the congregated wanderers, several of whom he has met in this city since. One young man he detected playing the begging game and had him arrested. During Mr. Swan's stay in the den the talk turned on the attitude of various cities toward the tramps, and he heard several of the gentry advise their companions to give Norwich a cold shoulder, as its charity system was severe on the undeserving.

Bonnets are, with the exception of the poke bonnet, very small, and the largest hats severely restrained in size. Some of the new flower bonnets are in Greek bands lying close to the head. These bonnets have an upright plaiting of fine lace at the side.

More trees than any other, for it is pouring out silver so fast that it and the American mines together overshadow the gold product, and thus disturb the desired ratio of the two metals. The Broken Hill mine is producing now more silver than any other in the world, and rivals in riches the celebrated Comstock lode when that was at its best. In fact, the New South Wales people here say that it will soon lead all the silver mines of the world, past or present, Potosi and Comstock included.

But the Australians here will be a more interesting exhibit than any of their products, at least to the student of races, types, manners and human development. They are English, as has been said, in accent and dress, but are more American in manner. They are taller and slenderer than the English people, more vivacious, showing, perhaps, the effects of a warmer climate. Froude says that the English race can be reproduced with exactness only in the South Island of New Zealand, where he has the same soil

and moist climate that he finds at home. The appearance of the Australian certainly indicates a divergence from the English type on that continent.

These Australians affect not to be impressed by anything they see in America. One of them informed the World correspondent that he did not care for Chicago after Sidney. They have as much confidence in the future of Australia as Chicagoans have in their own town, and do not think that the United States is ahead of them at all. They have a national epic called "Australia," which runs like this: "Fruit Queen of Isles! Thou sister, vast, A host of vassals bending around thy throne; Like some fair swan that skims the silver tide, Her silken cygnet strowed on every side, So floated thou, thy Polynesian brood, Dispersed around thee on thy Ocean flood, While every surge that doth thy bosom lave Salutes thee 'Empress of the Southern Wave.'"

And so on, for many hundreds of lines. William Charles Wentworth is the author. There may be some doubt about the poetic merit, but there is none about the resplendent patriotism of this composition.

But aside from these questions and for itself alone the exhibit from New South Wales will be well worth seeing. The other Australian colonies will be represented by private exhibits, and it is very enterprising for so young a country to send goods such a vast distance. The Australians, who are in a certain sense Uncle Sam's younger brothers, have a right to be proud.

SCHOOL FOR TRAMPS. A Queer Nest Discovered by a Connecticut Missionary.

(Norwich, Conn., Correspondence.) Among the varied experiences of City Missionary George W. Swan, none is more remarkable than a recent trip to a rendezvous of tramps at Watertown,

Mass. Mr. Swan learned of the existence of the den from a prisoner discharged from the Norwich jail and resolved to institute a personal investigation. Disguising himself as a "knight of the turn-pike," in company with the man, he journeyed into the Bay State and spent several hours at the unique haunt. He found several gangs of tramps, but all under one head.

"The den was located in an overhanging cliff," said Mr. Swan, in telling of his incident. "The entrance was just large enough to allow a man to crawl through. The interior was a natural cave, 10x12 feet, barely high enough for a man to stand upright."

"No tramps that work, or are looking for or expecting work, can get any sympathy or assistance here. The cliff is the rendezvous for the unwashed tramp. All the slang of the day is rehearsed and the tricks of the tramp profession discussed. The begging dodge is practiced until perfected."

A FRENCH DUKE'S DISCOVERY.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
ESTABLISHED SEPTEMBER 1, 1857.
TOTALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE, MARCH 30, 1891.
OUT ON TIME APRIL 2, 1891.

J. J. BURKE, Pub.
SILVER LAKE CLIFFER
LARK VILLA ADVOCATE
WADSWORTH BLACKBIRD

— PUBLISHED WEEKLY —
From the Press of The Antioch News.

NOTICE TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

As we wish to devote our entire time to news items, up to the hour of going to press on Wednesday, hereafter all changes required to be made on that day, in standing advertisements, in display type, will be charged for at the rate of 15 cents per double column inch, for the space occupied. Reading notices, 15 cents per single column inch. All other days changes are made free of cost. J. J. BURKE, Publisher. Antioch, March 1st, 1893.

OBITUARY.

At all times and under all circumstances it is sad to contemplate death, but when the grim messenger enters our midst and removes from the hearth of home one to whom we are bound by ties of kindred and affection, one who was our inseparable companion in the early days of childhood around the hearth of home and Mother, one who had shared with us the joys and sorrows, the trials and labors of boyhood days upon the farm, one who was ever just and generous to a fault, one who as the years rolled on to more mature judgment and manhood's estate, was ever our counselor, our friend and our brother, one cut down in the early noonday of life with all its grand possibilities before him, then indeed is it sad to contemplate death and the pen is unable to express the sentiments of sadness and sorrow that move the heart.

Thomas J. Burke was born in the village of Antioch, March 3rd, 1836, and until he had arrived at man's estate he worked with his parents on the farm and in the employment of neighboring farmers, many of whom in expressing sympathy to the bereaved ones made use of the expression, "Tom Burke was as good a boy as ever lived." To those who knew him here little need be said, but of his later life perhaps a few words may be of interest. In the fall of 1870 he started to work in the butter and cheese factory of C. B. McCanna, at Spring Prairie, Walworth Co., Wis. Later he conducted factories for Mr. McCanna at Springfield, Darlen, Lyons, Burlington and Kansasville. About three years ago he entered the employment of the Oatman Brothers and conducted factories for them at Western Union and at other places and then returned to the Springfield factory now owned by Messrs. Oatman Bros., where he was employed at the time of taking ill, which first appeared as a rheumatic trouble in the fall of 1891.

August 5th, 1888 he was married to Miss Sarah Glinne, of Dover, Racine County, Wisconsin. No children were born of the union, so that of his immediate family the sorrowing wife alone survives.

In May, 1892, in company with his wife he visited the old home of his childhood, in the hope that a few months rest would restore him to health, but the fatal malady had become so thoroughly implanted in his system that he rapidly grew from an invalid walking with a cane to a confirmed invalid, powerless to move hand or foot or help himself in any way. Eminent physicians were consulted and examined the case, each pronouncing it beyond medical skill and one of the most rare of diseases, which in its simplest form, might be called a softening of the spinal cord.

Kind friends flocked to his bedside eager to be of some assistance to him and helped to brighten many long dreary hours of his illness. Their noble acts then and during the bitter hours following his death and burial will never be forgotten. Such deeds words cannot repay. They have their reward in Heaven. Carefully, kindly and unceasingly, through the long year of suffering and helplessness the devoted wife, mother, father, brothers and friends ministered to the wants of the helpless sufferer, but, despite all that willing hands and loving hearts could bring, his spirit took flight to the God that gave it life May 13th, 1893, aged 57 years, 2 months and 10 days.

Such in brief are the three most important events in the earthly career of Thomas J. Burke, although a more detailed history of his life labors, his sufferings and his death might afford food for reflection and teach us who still linger on in this vale of tears that there is more in life than merely to live, more in death than merely to die. The pen refuses to express more than to close this brief tribute to our eldest brother by quoting the words of the sorrowing wife at the bedside of her dead. "Poor Tom, you were as good a man as ever lived; you had not an enemy on earth, everyone who knew you was your friend, and you were a friend to everyone." Tenderly and lovingly the mortal remains were laid at rest in the cemetery at Mill Creek, May 10th, where sleeps in that last and unbroken sleep, him who was indeed a brother. Peace to his ashes, and may the soul of him who is gone find everlasting rest in the presence of the God who giveth life and taketh it away again.

Waukegan Department.

IDA M. FENKELL, Manager,
517 GRAND AVENUE,
WAUKEGAN, - ILLINOIS.

Miss Fenkell is authorized to receive Subscriptions, orders for advertising, or Job Printing, also to collect and receipt for same, until otherwise notified. J. J. BURKE, Pub.

COUNTY SEAT NEWS.

Miss Jessie Baler drove in from Millburn Saturday.

Some row boats were taken out to the lakes Sunday.

B. F. Porter, a former resident, is here from South Chicago.

Attorney McGurran has gone to Cleveland for a short trip.

Editor Bradbury was in the World's Fair city Wednesday.

Ida M. Fenkell has been sick for the past week with a severe cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gould, of Fremont Center, were in this city Thursday.

It is expected that a Kindergarten will be one of the permanent enterprises of this city.

The Belt Line R. R. is of great advantage to Waukegan and all suburban towns on its route.

The dentists of this city will close their offices each Wednesday for the purpose of visiting the Fair.

Miss Mattie Whitney, of Libertyville, has been very ill at the home of Mrs. Peters, Fairview Place.

J. E. Ballard, of Libertyville, was here during the week; so also were C. N. Durand and E. W. Parkhurst.

Newton Knox has sold his residence on County St. to Dr. Cogswell for \$5,500. John Judge made the sale.

A new \$200 hose cart has been ordered by the city from a Kenosha firm. Some new hose has already arrived.

There is now only about \$500 worth of work to be done on the sewers, and the work is nearing completion.

Wm. Flood died in this city Tuesday night of heart trouble. He was thirty-nine years of age and well known in this city.

Mrs. H. N. Menter died at her residence on Belvidere street Saturday morning of typhoid fever at thirty-six years of age.

Carl Lamb, of Chicago, came to this city Saturday evening and then drove out to Warren to spend Sunday with his parents.

It is being strongly advocated that the property owners clear up their back yards and many are acting on the suggestion. The American House is the most unsightly object in the city in this respect.

H. Stuckey, of Bucyrus, O., representing the Freyschecker Co., large manufacturers of brick-making machinery, was recently here to see about putting in some of the company's machinery in this city.

A fourteen year old boy, son of Mr. Goldberg, stole a ride on a freight train Tuesday morning. When he attempted to get off he fell under the car and his leg was nearly cut off below the knee. Dr. Gavin amputated the leg and later he was taken to the City Hospital.

May 30th will be observed as usual as Memorial Day in this city. Arrangements are being made to have the exercises exceed those of any previous year. In the morning the soldiers graves will be decorated. In the afternoon there will be a parade in which all the military and civic societies will join. After the parade there will be music and speaking in the Court House square.

Two unfinished houses, situated on the west side near the Glen Rock bottling factory, were totally destroyed by fire Thursday night. They were the property of the Day brothers. No one knows how the fire originated. The insurance is small and the loss about \$700. It is a well known fact that our facilities to extinguish fire are inadequate and the question that they be great-

ly improved cannot be too strongly urged.

S. H. Bradbury, editor of the Patriot, has invented a printers roller cabinet and May 23d, he will receive a patent, and it is expected that there will be a large sale for this article. His many friends congratulate him.

It is thought the building boom will be resumed in about two weeks if the weather becomes settled.

Freeman Dorsett died in this city Thursday afternoon after an illness of a week, of typhoid pneumonia. He was about 46 years of age. He spent his boyhood here, afterward going west. He returned here about three years ago and recently was employed by the late Patrick Connolly. He was a brother of the late Lewis C. Dorsett.

It seems that a man named Raleigh Dabney, a traveling freight agent, of Peoria, came here and resided long enough to get a divorce. His wife has since brought evidence sufficient to prove that he did know where she was and he has been indicted for perjury. The divorce case will be re-opened. The matter will be tried at the next term of court.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

Uncle Sam's Buildings.

Washington, May 15, '93.—Uncle Sam builds slowly but he builds exceedingly well. While whole rows of dwelling houses and showy stone and brick blocks spring up all over the city, he calmly lays his foundation and raises his solid stone wall thereon, slowly but surely, for these buildings are intended to last as long as the government itself. The many handsome and substantial department buildings in Washington bear witness to the wisdom of this plan; the capitol after half a century of more or less continuous work is at length practically completed, and now the national architect is engaged on two great buildings, the Congressional library on Capitol Hill, and the Washington city postoffice on Pennsylvania avenue, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. For many months the progress of the immense new library structure on Capitol Hill has been watched with interest. It will when completed be the largest and finest library in the world. It will accommodate 500,000 volumes, which is twice the number in the national library of France, now the largest in the world; but it will be many years before this limit is reached and the present Congressional Library, large as it seems in its crowded quarters, will fill but a small corner of the new building. Work upon the latter has been going on for four years now and it will probably take four more to complete it. This is in accordance with the original calculations and although some time was lost last summer, owing to the great granite strike at the quarries, it has been fully made up. There are now about 150 men at work on the building itself, with fully twice that number preparing the stone and iron work. An idea of the general dimensions of the library building may be gained from the statement that it will be somewhat larger than the State, War and Navy building, while its dome, even in contrast to the capitol itself, near which it is located, will rise to an imposing height and will be seen all over the city.

THE CAMPANIA IS QUEEN.

From New York to Queenstown in Five Days and Seventeen Hours.

QUEENSTOWN, May 12.—The new Cunard Line steamship Campania, Captain Haines, which sailed from New York for Liverpool on May 6, arrived at Queenstown at half-past 9 o'clock this morning, having made the passage from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 5 days, 17 hours and 42 minutes, the quickest passage eastward yet made by any steamer. The passengers cheered enthusiastically upon coming into the harbor, and the crew of the Campania showed much jubilation over their victory. The Campania passed the Parls when 100 miles east of Sandy Hook. The Campania had passed the Sandy Hook Lightship at 11:43 A. M. Saturday, May 6, and the Parls had passed the lightship at 10:58 A. M. The Parls made the best time to Fire Island, but the Campania improved as her machinery got thoroughly to work, and after passing the Parls she did not sight her again during the voyage to Queenstown, although the ocean track for Southampton does not diverge from that to Queenstown for about 1,500 miles. From the time of passing Sandy Hook until noon of Saturday the Campania made twenty-nine miles, and for the successive days of twenty-four hours thereafter, respectively, 481 miles, 490 miles, 474 miles, 517 miles, 493 miles, and from Thursday noon until 9:30 A. M. to-day, 444 miles.

Not Fully Reorganized. The recent visit of the entire cabinet to New York to participate in the naval review drew attention to the fact that rather slow progress has been made in reorganizing the executive departments. Only three democratic assistant secretaries were in charge during the absence of their chiefs, while five Republican officials served as cabinet officers for the time being. Assistant Secretary Hamlin was designated as Acting Secretary of the Treasury, Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Maxwell acted as Postmaster-General, and Assistant Attorney-General Whitney attended to Mr. Olney's duties in the Department of

Justice. These are all Democrats, but the other cabinet officers left Republicans in charge of their departments. General Grant acted as Secretary of War, Commodore Ramsey as Secretary of the Navy, Professor Willits as Secretary of Agriculture, Judge Chandler as Secretary of the Interior, and Assistant Secretary Ade was in charge of the State Department.

No Extra Session Until Fall.

President Cleveland practically set at rest recently the rumors that he would soon call an extra session of Congress to consider the financial situation. During a conversation with Mr. Cleveland a Congressman inquired regarding the intentions of the President as to an extra session, explaining that he wished to bring his family to this city before the opening of the session, and for this reason was anxious to learn what would probably be done in order that he might make his plans accordingly. In effect the reply of the President was that he would not call an extra session until about the 1st of September unless some unforeseen circumstance which was not anticipated made such a course necessary. He stated that the call would be made for the assembling of Congress in special session between the 1st and the 15th of September. This extra session, when convened, will probably deal first with the tariff problem particularly.

Secretary Smith's Policy.

Secretary of the Interior Hoke Smith recently outlined his future policy. He said that as far as pensions were concerned the existing laws would be honestly administered. Those entitled to pensions would receive them, but efforts would be made to prevent the payment of pension money to those who had used corrupt means of obtaining it. The "pension lawyer," he said, would be ignored as far as possible. Men with an aptitude for not a genius for mechanics will fill the places in the Patent Office, and the business of that department will be completed as promptly as possible. Concerning forestry, no timber will be allowed to be cut on the public lands to benefit corporations merely or even large private enterprises, but there must be a resultant public benefit. The Indians will be fairly treated, and no undue advantage will be taken of them. There will be no maudlin sentiment about the administration of their affairs, however, and no extra privileges conferred upon them simply because they were probably wronged in the early days of the republic. Altogether, if Secretary Smith succeeds in carrying out his policy as outlined, he will have a successful administration of his department.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

REPRESENTATIVE BORN, of Minn., a "middle of the road" populist, says the present situation vindicates the position taken by the populists in the last campaign as to the real issue, which they contend was finance, and not the tariff. Mr. Born believes in the remonetization of silver at full legal tender value.

DANVILLE, Ind., is the home of John H. Craig, the greatest living man in avoirdupois who ever strode the green fields of earth, if we may believe the reports that come from some of the Danville citizens. The corpulent individual in question is 32 years old and weighs 607 pounds. He is 6 feet 5 inches in height, measures 8 feet and 4 inches around the hips and 66 inches around the thigh near the body. He has a wife and one child.

The long expected fight between the New York factions for the federal patronage of New York city is expected to open in a few days, and both sides are already well represented at Washington. Tammany has by no means abandoned the hope of getting the postmaster and the collector of the port, the two places which control the bulk of the patronage, but the anti-snappers are confident that they will get neither. There are reasons for believing that these appointments have been delayed because Mr. Cleveland has been trying to find men who while not being exactly identified with either faction will be in a sense satisfactory to both, or will at least prevent either from claiming that it was recognized and the other "turned down."

WHILE there is no apparent connection between the slump in Wall Street and the condition of the National finances there is no question that the situation in Wall street is being used as an argument by those who are trying to persuade President Cleveland to call an immediate extra session of Congress, to deal with financial matters. On the other hand, some prominent men who two months ago were strongly in favor of an early extra session now doubt the wisdom of calling one. They argue that in the present unsettled state of public sentiment regarding finance it would but add to the stir to have Congress meet and fall to agree upon any financial measure that would meet the approval of the President, and those who ought to be best informed on the state of Congressional sentiment insist that such would be the certain result of an extra session at this time.

PAY UP NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of Brogan & Gray on account are requested to call and settle the same at their earliest convenience. Owing to the change in firm it is necessary that all our accounts be closed up at once. Very Respectfully, BROGAN & GRAY.

Card of Thanks. I wish to extend to the neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted me during the illness and at the funeral of my wife, my heartfelt gratitude for their many kind words and generous acts.

W. B. ROGERS.

STEEL WIRE FENCE BOARD

AND
STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.
Manufactured Only by
DE KALB FENCE CO., - De Kalb, Ill.
—FOR SALE BY—
A. P. Ames, Antioch, Ill.

On and after May 1st,

A. E. Hatch's

PHOTO. GALLERY,

will be open every day except Sunday.

HERE TO STAY.

L. M. HAYNES,

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,

has decided to remain in Antioch during this season and attend to anything in the

PROMPTLY AND IN A WORK-MAN-LIKE MANNER.

All I ask is an opportunity to figure on your work before you let your Contract, and will guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

L. M. HAYNES, ANTIOCH, ILL.

THE NEWS OFFICE

is prepared to do all kinds of Job Printing.

THE

STAR MEAT MARKET.

—OUR STOCK OF MEATS IS COMPLETE IN ALL LINES.—

Families and Hotels supplied at Reasonable Rates.

Orders by mail delivered same day as received. Cash paid for hides.

SIBLEY BROTHERS,

ANTIOCH, ILL.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the many neighbors and friends who by their kind words and deeds assisted us during the funeral of our child. The many tokens of regard shown us will never be forgotten. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Trenger.

WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS.

An intending visitor to the coming World's Fair at Chicago need have no fear as to the possibility of securing satisfactory accommodations, at reasonable rates, at either the many hotels or residences listed in a neat pamphlet entitled, "Homes for Visitors to the World's Fair," compiled at great expense and published by a trustworthy Chicago firm. This book contains a list of about 9,000 private families who will accommodate visitors in Chicago during the time of the fair, viz: May 1st to October 30; gives their names and addresses, and number of rooms each will have to spare. The book also gives a list of the hotels and their locations; has twelve full-page, large-scale maps, each representing a section of the city, so that with this information before him the intending visitor himself can, at leisure, select the quarter of the city in which he would prefer to stop, corresponding in advance with one or more families in that locality with regard to rates and the accommodations desired.

The Wisconsin Central Lines will in due time publish low excursion rates to Chicago and return for this occasion, while its double daily passenger train service, including through sleeping and dining cars to Chicago, will as usual be at the head of the list in every particular. To help you in fixing in advance upon your place of residence while attending the World's Fair, we have placed in the hands of our agent at your station copies of this work, which may be obtained at 50 cents per copy. JAS. C. FOX, G. P. & T. A.

The Millennium Picture.

A fascinating picture of the possibilities of future development on the earth is portrayed in "The Story of the Millennium," which is made a special feature of the June number of DEMOCRAT'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. It depicts the condition of mankind on the earth in the ten thousandth century, when interplanetary communication has been established, and the "dream of the ages" has become a vivid and magnificent reality. Novel views concerning the progressive evolution of mankind during the intervening epochs are included, and the narrative is related in an easy, conversational manner, the events being supposed to transpire through the publication of the proceedings of the Optimists' Club, an institution established for the purpose of foretelling the future of the world. The story is illustrated by Hearst, and is from the pen of Arthur Field. This is the first attempt at anything like a complete pictorial representation of the future appearance of the earth and its inhabitants.

ALLAN FORMAN, THE JOURNALIST

Devoted to Newspapers, Authors, Artists, Publishers, and Advertisers. 64 per year. 10 cents a copy.

THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM,

A Text Book for Correspondents, Reporters, Editors and General Writers. Price 50 cents.

Blue Pencil Rules, by A. G. Nevins.

Short, simple and practical rules for making and editing newspaper copy, and of great value to all who wish to write correct English. Price 10 cents.

ALLAN FORMAN,

117 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

A RECONCILIATION.

I do not know
If I were wrong or you
If I grieve me so
To think I have you
That I my gift must give,
And take it back again.

I do not know
If you or I were right;
Your tears have caused me woe,
And if you weep again,
I shall grow more contrite,
And cover all your pain.

I do not know
Nor care which one was right;
For when your dear eyes flow
I cannot speak for pain,
And tear mist blind my sight
Until you smile again.

So let it go—
We may have both been wrong,
Or part—so—
But—
And my soul is strong
To stand and bear again.
—This little hymn in Harper's Bazar.

DORA.

The night after his stepfather, Squire Halsted, whipped Harold Robling for a thing he had not done, Harold ran away. No one knew it but I, and I was nobody. But I thought as much of Harold as ever a human being could think of another. And I knew that he was wronged, and I felt that Mrs. Robling had done a dreadful thing when she took Squire Halsted for her second husband and let him rule her, take possession of her money and ill-use her handsome boy.

I had my share of it, too, for while Mr. Robling lived and while she was a widow I was like a daughter of the house. But no sooner had she come back from her honeymoon than all that was altered. The squire looked at me coldly and I heard him ask Mrs. Halsted who I was.

"Her mother died when she was born," Mrs. Halsted said, "and I took the baby to my own nursery, where Harold lay in the cradle."

"More fool you, my dear," said the squire.

"The father went away," said Mrs. Halsted, "and was lost at sea—so they said—and I kept the little girl." "You must remember that she will need to earn her own bread," said the squire. "She is not a lady. Let the servants keep her in her part of the house and teach her her duties as waitress."

"Oh, Mr. Halsted!" cried the bride, "I cannot do that."

"My dear," said Mr. Halsted, "I am master here."

The poor lady was helpless. She had no longer any control of her own money. I was six years old, Harold the same age, and a terrible life we had of it. I was very well used in the kitchen, but I felt cast down and degraded. I wore big crash aprons that covered me from head to foot, instead of my pretty muslin and silk dresses. I was delicate and waiting in hard work when your wrists are slender.

Mr. Halsted did all she could for me. I used to hear her pleading with the squire to let her send me to a boarding-school to learn to be a teacher, but he called her "a little goose," and she fancied him very wise.

But for Harold I should never have known anything, as after school he used to come to me and teach me what he had learned himself.

Cook would whisper: "That's right, Master Harold. It's a good deed you are doing. God spare you. I was never taught to read myself on account of an evil-minded stepfather. I own that put me to service before I could get schoolin', as I know the law."

And not a servant but would have waited in my place, for they said I was too small to carry dishes; but the cruel squire would have me come in to make sure that he was obeyed.

Mrs. Halsted really felt bad about it, I know. But two little girls came soon and then a little boy, and soon she cared nothing for her own splendor, and why should she care for me?

But I am wandering away from the morning when Harold Robling, just eighteen that day, walked down the garden path in the gray morning light and I with him, choking down my sobs. For now the one being I loved was going away from me, perhaps forever.

It was only five o'clock and no one was up. The grass was wet with dew and there were only a few pink streaks in the sky to tell that day was coming. We did not dare to speak until we got out of hearing of the house, but then I said:

"Oh, Harold! what will you do with no money and no friends—alone in the world?"

"Many a young fellow has done the same sort of thing," Harold said. "No man with limbs and senses need to starve, and I mean to make my fortune. But I'd rather work than live in Squire Halsted's house, and with a mother he has bewitched into doing what he wishes, whatever it may be. It was a crime to make a servant of you, little sister. But remember, the moment I have power in my hands all that shall be altered. I will write you, and you shall know just how I get on."

But now he had got to the wharf where he was to take a little market boat to New York, and I was obliged to leave him, for he did not want the squire to find out what he had done until he was fairly out of reach, and then he put his arms about my waist and kissed me.

"Good-by, little sister," he said, "good-by, Dora, my pet. Keep up a good heart and never forget to answer my letters." And he was off, and I went home weeping as though my heart would break.

There was a terrible time at the house when they found he had gone, and the squire swore he would never enter his doors again. But the squire's daughters, who hated Harold

as their father did, though he was their own mother's child, said they were glad he was gone. And only I remembered him. I think, very long. A weak woman was Mrs. Halsted, and her husband had got her under his power. The way he managed her has always made me think that there must be something in magnetism or hypnotism. She seemed to have lost her senses or to have grown mentally blind, and he led her where he would.

Just about time I fell very ill and when I grew better the squire, knowing I was good at my needle, made a seamstress of me. I was ashamed to say why, but it was because I looked rather stylish and was called pretty and so many questions were asked about me by guests. As a seamstress I could stay in my upper room and work. I was so thankful for the change. Now I could read a little and be more to myself. I made the finery for the young ladies of the family and no one troubled me.

Once, indeed, a rich old gentleman, having somehow got my story from good old cook, sought me out and made me a proposition of marriage, saying that it was a shame that such an elegant woman should live as I did. But I thanked him and declined his offer. I was not unhappy now, except that I pined for news of Harold, for in all these years no word had come from him—none of those letters he had promised.

I felt sure he was not dead and it was very natural that he should forget to write, but my heart had no rest. He was 26 years old by this time and in all that time much might have happened.

My pillow was often wet with tears from thoughts of him—fancies of what he had suffered and longed to meet him, or only see him from afar but once again.

At last news came. Mrs. Halsted came running to my room wild with joy.

"News of my boy!" she said, holding a letter toward me.

"I thought you had forgotten all about him, madame," I said.

I was sorry the next moment, for she burst into tears and faltered through her sobs:

"You don't know what it is to be the wife of a man who dominates your will! I have never forgotten or ceased to regret other things." Then she wiped her eyes and said: "But, as far as Harold goes, it is all over. He has written to me. He is rich—really rich. He has made a fortune in California, and he is coming home to see me. He is in New York and will be here to-morrow. The squire is pleased; the girls are wild to see him; his little brother is delighted."

She ran out of the room again, looking young and happy, and I sat down to my machine, swallowing a great lump that had risen in my throat.

He had not written to me. Well, I was only a servant, and he was a rich man now. They were rejoicing in his coming for that reason—the squire and his children. He was a very different person from the poor Harold Robling who went away.

"I expect he will give us lots of presents," I heard one of the girls say. "An older brother who is rich is a great thing to have. We must get him and make him good-natured."

"Oh, yes," said the other. "When girls have as stingy a father as we have a generous elder brother is a godsend."

And I—oh! if he returned in rage, begging his bread, I should have welcomed him. I cared for him, not for his money. And if he had returned poor it was I to whom he would have written. I knew well. But I tried to put the selfish thoughts away and rejoice for his sake that he had prospered, even if he had forgotten his little sister Dora.

The morrow came. As I sat at my machine I heard the sounds below that told he had arrived. I heard his mother cry out and the squire say heartily, "Welcome home, my boy!" and his sisters squeal and giggle along a way they had. Then the great drawing room doors were closed shutting me out.

I, who loved him so dearly, went back to my room alone, uncared for, wretched! I felt as though my heart would break. I could no longer keep back my tears. Half an hour passed; then some one came to the door—a servant—who told me that I was wanted in the parlor.

Trembling, quivering, feeling as I had never felt before, I obeyed the summons. I opened the drawing-room door.

The squire stood before the fire, important as usual, one hand in the breast of his coat, the other waving toward me as he uttered these words:

"Dora, I have sent for you because Master Harold has returned and wishes to meet a faithful servant of the family."

But before the words were out of his mouth Harold, handsomer and larger, but the same for all that—the very Harold that I knew—rushed forward and took both my hands and bent down and kissed me.

"I told you, sir," he said, "that I wanted to see Dora—the dearest being alive to me! Such words as you utter I cannot permit you to speak as though they were mine. You have never received any of my letters, Dora, but I have guessed why."

"I never have received a letter, Harold," I answered.

"So I thought," said he. "We will not ask who kept them from you. I have no wish to quarrel with anyone; but you were my only friend years ago when I went out into the world homeless and penniless, and I have come now to ask you to share with me the home that I can now offer you."

"Share your home, Harold?" cried the squire. "The girl is not your sister. It can't be done. It would be improper!"

"I am glad, sir, that the girl is not my sister," replied Harold, "for she is the girl I want for my wife, and here, before you all, I ask her for her heart and hand, and proud shall I be if she will give them to me."

I could not answer, but he saw all I felt in my face, and led me away with him.

There was no quarrelling. People like the squire and his family never offend rich people, and I am the happiest woman living.—Fireside Companion.

THE INHERITANCE TAX.

It is imposed in Nearly Every Civilized Country.

Nearly every civilized country in the world has an inheritance tax as part of its fiscal system, and in many countries Mr. Gould's estate would have paid much more than \$700,000, says the Review of Reviews. In France or Italy the share of the state would have been about \$1,000,000; in England nearly \$8,000,000; in Ontario or Victoria more than \$3,500,000. In most of the American commonwealths, on the other hand, there would have been no tax whatever, though in a few states the comparatively small bequests to the brother and sister would have been taxable, and if Mr. Gould had lived in Chicago his estate would have paid some \$62,000 toward the support of the Cook county probate court.

If he had died two years ago his estate would have paid no tax in New York, for it was only in 1891 that the legislature imposed the one per cent tax on direct inheritances of personal property in the case of estates exceeding \$10,000 in value. Yet the estates of two or three other rich New Yorkers, who died after the introduction of the five per cent collateral inheritance tax in 1885, have contributed very respectable amounts to the state treasury. The estate of Mrs. A. T. Stewart has paid more than \$300,000, and that of Henrietta A. Lenox more than \$200,000, while the collateral bequests of William H. Vanderbilt have yielded \$81,000.

The Gould estate will certainly pay much more than any of these, though the amount cannot accurately be stated until the property has been appraised. The heirs will probably take advantage of the five per cent discount for the payment of the tax within six months, and something like \$10,000 will be retained by the comptroller of New York city as his compensation for representing the state in the appraisal and for collecting the tax.

ANIMAL FRIENDSHIP.

A Wounded Elephant Is Nursed by a Buffalo Cow.

Wild elephants sometimes make devoted friends of other animals. A party of hunters in Central Africa once wounded a large bull elephant, which traveled scores of miles into the jungle after receiving the heavy bullet in his shoulder. The chase was abandoned for the time. A fortnight later the hunters came upon the same beast. He was lying on his injured side near a stream in a dense forest.

A buffalo cow was standing over the fallen monarch, gently licking the blood from the wound. Frequently she would leave him and go to the stream, and, by pawing at its edge, toss a lot of water upon the rank grass within reach of the elephant's trunk. It was probably in this way that refreshing moisture had been conveyed to the fevered and suffering giant, keeping him alive.

The hunters were divided as to whether the elephant should be put out of his misery, says the Million. It was finally decided to give him a chance for his life under the nursing cow.

Several weeks later, when the party were making their way back toward the coast, they came across a lame elephant attended by a buffalo cow. The pair were not molested.

Damaged by Wind.

One of the Chicago Insurance companies, says the Inter Ocean, doing a tornado business, some time ago received notice of a loss of a horse, for which the assured demanded immediate payment. While going through the customary formula regarding the death of the animal, and wondering that a windstorm did no damage but kill one horse, the company inquired in what manner the killing occurred.

The assured at once wrote back that his horse had died of wind-colic, and that he wanted his pay at once to buy another. This peculiar state of affairs leads to a suggestion to companies doing a tornado and windstorm business that it might be well to insert a clause similar to those applied to electric plants (in such cases referring to electricity, of course), reading as follows: "It is hereby understood that this company is not liable for wind generated in the property of the insured."

At the Museum.

"I'm afraid I'll be murdered some day," said the tattooed man, sadly.

"Why?" asked the giant.

"Because I'm a marked man," said the tattooed man.

And then the skeleton dude laughed so he got fat and lost his position.—Judge.

He Had Traveled in the West.

Tommy—Say, paw! Did you know that pigeons have been found with grain in their stomachs that they'd eat 600 miles away?

Mr. Figg—Pho! That's nothing. I've had that experience myself with railroad sandwiches.

ISLADY CADOGAN NOW

THE FATE OF PRETTY CORNELIA BRADLEY MARTIN.

Who Recently Surrendered the Title of An American Girl for That of a Countess—May Prove a Happy Alliance, However.



THE OLD ADAGE about being sent to Coventry will not hold good in the case of Miss Cornelia Martin, for when, as Countess of Craven, she takes up her residence at Coombe Abbey, near that place, not only will the elite of British society be pleased to talk to her, but even our own dear exiles will detect increased euphony in the magic words, "my lady."

What Miss Martin's dowry will be has not been officially made known. It will probably be at least a million dollars.

Of course American society smiles on this approaching marriage, but let it not be thought for a single moment that it considers it a favor that a peer of the united kingdom select a wife from its aristocracy. Perish such a thought! It is very nice, to be sure, to marry an Earl, since society, but not every Earl can marry such a nice girl as Cornelia Martin.

So much has been said about the wedding, which took place in New York city the other day, that a sketch of the high contracting parties will undoubtedly be of interest.

Miss Martin is nice. She is quite English in looks and manners, and perfectly unaffected. Fewer over here know her, and those few but little, for the reason that Miss Martin is very young, only a little over 18 years, and has not had a long acquaintance with

who has already, during the short time he has been in this country, made hosts of friends. In appearance he is not the typical Englishman, not the Earl of the novel, the tall, merry-eyed, ruddy-complexioned fellow. He suggests rather a Frenchman, a charming and cultured one. He is dark and not very tall. "Coey," as his brother, the Hon. Rupert Cecil Craven, was called at Eton, answers the first description. There is another brother, the Hon. Charles Eric, and a sister, Lady Helen Emily.

On his mother's side the Earl's lineage is Norman. She was Evelyn Laura, second daughter of Viscount Harrington. He is the patron of eight living, and his seats are Coombe Abbey, Coventry, Hamstead-Marshall and Ashdown Park, Lambourn, Berks. His lordship's town house is No. 16 Charles



LADY CADOGAN.

street, Berkeley square, W., and he belongs to two clubs, White's and Brook's. The Craven motto is, "Virtus in Actione Consistit," which, rendered into English, is, "Virtue consists in action."

Aside from the prominence attendant with the title of Countess, the social aspirations of the Earl of Craven's lady, if they exist, will have valuable assistance in their realization in the Countess of Coventry and the Countess



MRS. BRADLEY-MARTIN.

society. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin, and has two brothers. Her mother is the daughter of the late Isaac Sherman, who inherited his entire fortune, supposed to be about \$4,000,000, judiciously invested.

The Martins have lived in England for the past few years. They have had an establishment in London and a place in the Highlands, and have entertained extensively. Their dinners have attained international celebrity, and would have filled the heart of a Brillat-Savarin with pious joy.

The prospective bridegroom is not in the predicament that Sidney Smith found himself, when he facetiously remarked, "Finding that all my neighbors had pedigrees, I thought to make one out for myself," for his is a lengthy one.

The Craven family is very old. The first member of it of whom record was first made was one John Craven, of Appletree-Wick, Craven, Yorkshire, in the reign of Henry VII. He had a son, John, who married Beatrice, daughter of John Hunter, by whom he had three sons. The youngest of these was Thomas, and his son William was the



EARL OF CRAVEN.

First Lord Craven, having been knighted in 1626 and elevated to the peerage as Baron Craven of Hamstead-Marshall, County Berks.

The Earldom of Craven dates from 1801, when the seventh Baron Craven was created Viscount Ullington and Earl of Craven.

The Bradley-Martins' Earl is William George Robert Craven, seventh Earl of Craven, County York, Viscount Ullington in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and Baron Craven of Hamstead-Marshall, County Berks, in the Peerage of England.

Notwithstanding his numerous titles, he is a very democratic sort of a man,

of Cadogan, the Earl's aunt, two of the most influential and distinguished women in British society. Under their guidance the young Countess will surely make a great social hit.

While they will take precedence of her, Lady Craven will come before the wives of younger sons of Dukes, even of royalty, only the highest and most worshipped order of the peerage—the dual—and marquis ranking before that of her noble spouse.

If her gracious Britannia Majesty fancies "my lady," as she doubtless will, the Countess of Craven will probably be appointed a lady in waiting to the Queen, and in that honorable capacity will have the opportunity of wearing a small jeweled coronet.

A FAMOUS BEAUTY.

Miss Amy Bend of New York Caught in Cupid's Web.

Miss Amy Bend, the famous New York society beauty, who, since her debut a few years ago, has been one of the most admired young women in the fashionable world, announces her engagement. The fortunate man who has won her heart is Mr. A. Lanfer

Norrie, a popular young man of much social prominence and business ability, having made some judicious investments in valuable mining property in Michigan in his early youth and which now yields him a handsome income. Miss Bend is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Bend, the latter formerly Miss Lizzie Townsend. Mr. Bend is a beau of a generation ago, and was at one time a great coltillon leader.

The Marchioness of Tweeddale. The Marchioness of Tweeddale, who is one of the loveliest and most charming ladies in the English aristocracy, is of Italian birth. She is the daughter of Signor Vincenzo Bartolucci of Canicane in Italy, and possesses the soft manners and graceful ways of the ladies of her native land. Her husband has served with success in India, and has been a prominent member of the House of Commons. They have a handsome country seat in Haddingtonshire.

Miss Amy Bend.

The Marchioness of Tweeddale.

Earl of Craven.

Countess of Craven.

Countess of Craven.

Countess of Craven.

NETTING HUGE SALMON.

HOW THE SPORT IS CONDUCTED ON THE COLUMBIA.

Fine Fun for the Netters—Big Fish Are Plentiful—Description of the Boat—Water Alive With the Beauties.

The vessel was the ordinary trim fishing boat, and three people and an immense net filled it pretty well. In a short time we reached the place where the net was to be thrown out. The fish run with the tide, so the men must work when the tide is right, be it day or night, and we could see boats all around us, some just getting the nets out, others pulling them up and killing the fish caught in the meshes, while others were coming swiftly out from the island to begin work. As each man is paid for the fish he catches there is no law about turning out, but each starts whenever he chooses.

A smart man will be on the ground at the turn of the tide to make sure of getting the very place he considers the best fishing ground, while an idler will be half the time in getting out and at his work. It tells in the day's catch if a man is early or late.

Our boat was neither among the first or the last. We still had a fair choice of ground, and in a few minutes the fisherman was tossing the net over the side and the boatman was rowing up tide to allow the net being spread out as fast as possible.

The net was over 100 feet long, and was fitted with sinkers on one edge, while the other was supplied with a line of floats. By this means it was held in position in the water, and formed a sort of fence against which the fish dashed as they swam up the stream. The meshes were rather large, and the small fish were able to swim through and continue their way up the tide, while large ones were caught by the gills.

In a few minutes the net was all paid out and the fishermen sat down to wait for the first fish to get entangled in the meshes. The boatmen pulled leisurely up the stream and the row of bobbing floats strung out behind us looked like little bubbles on the surface of the calm water.

Suddenly one of the bubbles was jerked down and in an instant the boat was headed for the place where it had floated a moment before. The fishermen stretched out over the side of the boat and caught the net by the float next to where the sunken one had been and pulled in the net hand over hand. A splash, a flurry of foam, and the steel-gray head of a big salmon appeared above the surface.

The man caught up a queer weapon, which I had noticed and wondered about, and struck the fish a blow with the knob of iron on one end of the bar; then turning it, he thrust the hook on the other end into the gills of the half stunned fish, and with a pull, landed his struggle captive inside the boat. A jerk freed the net, which sank back into its place. The fish was flopping viciously about, and the man struck it again and again with his big iron club before it succumbed to its fate. We often speak of eyes as having "no more expression than a fish's eye," but I never saw hate and anger more plainly expressed than in the eyes of that first salmon.

Meanwhile the lower float had been bobbing up and down while we were killing our magnificent captive, and the boat was turned and pulled rapidly back to that end of the net. Again the fisherman ducked and caught the net; again he pulled, but this time the net did not come home so easily as he expected. Another pull and yet another before the head of the fish showed above water. He was a big fellow, bigger than the first, and a smile replaced the look of disgust on the fisherman's face as he drew back his hand to grasp his club.

Just as he was about to strike the fatal blow the net was jerked from his hold. Another float but a short distance further was pulled under. There were two fish to be landed now instead of one.

The net was with difficulty raised again to the edge of the boat and the first fish was secured. He was the biggest salmon I ever saw. He must have weighed nearly a hundred pounds as he was far bigger than one which I saw weighed that touched the beam at sixty-five pounds.

The monster was thrown into the boat, stunned by a blow, and the man pulled away at the second fish. That also was a very large one, but not equal to our monster. Just as the fisherman was pushing his hook down to try and catch the fish by the gills the big one just thrown into the boat gave one flop, plunged over the side, falling fair upon the arm which held the net, tore it free and both fish were gone.

The two men sat and looked at each other a moment, and I know they wished they were alone in the boat that they might find some relief for their lacerated feeling in language which politeness restrained them from using before me.

A Novel Arrangement.

Newark, Del., has a postmaster and deputy postmaster, and these two have administered the office through the political changes of the past eight years. When the administration is Democratic so is the postmaster and the deputy a Republican. When the administration is Republican the postmaster changes places, and his deputy simply changes places. As the change cannot be made immediately upon the inauguration of a new president, there is a period of some months when the officials are in doubt as to which office is postmaster and which is deputy.

Thompson's Eye Water.

A MESH AT A TIME.

Just a mesh at a time, my child!
It's not so hard as you think;
Slip in the shuttle, draw up the loop
Without a knot or a kink.
One by one, those tiresome holes,
That seem so many to mend,
Will all be done, though you'll hardly guess
How, when you come to the end.

Just a mesh at a time, my dear,
It's a little thing;
Angle loop, you know,
Of this common string.
It strengthens the weak, frayed edge,
Bridges the gaping rent;
To the worn-out loop just ready to break
Its help is cheerfully lent.

Just a mesh at a time, O child,
In this workaday world of ours
There are tasks to meet, and fish to catch
For us all, with our varied powers.
If we may not be like the learned and great
That toil with the brain and pen,
We may do their work to whom Christ said:
"I will make you fishers of men."
—Everybody's Magazine.

SALLY DOWS

THE AFTER-WAR ROMANCE
OF THE SOUTH
BY BRET HARTE

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Perhaps it was his very inability to grasp, in that exhausted state, the full comprehension of the doctor's meaning, perhaps because the physical benumbing of brain was stronger than any mental excitement, but he dozed again until the doctor reappeared. "You're doing well enough, now, colonel," said the physician, after a brief examination of his patient, "and I think we can afford to wake you up a bit; and even let you move your arm. You're luckier than poor Jo Higbee, who won't be able to set his leg to the floor for three weeks to come. I haven't got all the buckshot out of it yet that Jack Dumont put there the other night."

Courtland started slightly. Jack Dumont! That was the name of Sally Dows' cousin of whom Champney had spoken! He had resolutely put aside from his returning memory the hazy

recollection of the young girl's voice—the last thing he had heard that night—and the mystery that seemed to surround it. But there was no delusion in this cousin—his rival, and that of the equally-deceived Champney. He controlled himself and repeated coldly:

"Jack Dumont?"

"Yes. But of course you knew nothing of all that while you were off in the swamp there. Yet, by Jingo! it was Dumont's shooting Higbee that helped you to get off your nigger, a darned sight more than your killing the dogs."

"I don't understand," returned Courtland, coldly.

"Well, you see Dumont, who had taken up no 'th'n principles I reckon more to goad the Higbees and please Sally Dows than from any conviction, came over here that night. Whether he suspected anything was up, or wanted to dare Higbee for bedevilment, or was only dancing attendance on Miss Sally as one knows. But he rode slap into Higbee's party, called out: 'If you're out hunting Jo! here's a chance for your score'—meaning their old vendetta feud—and brings his shotgun up to his shoulder. Higbee wasn't quick enough; Dumont lets fly, drops Higbee and then gallops off chased by the Reeds to avenge Higbee and followed by the whole crowd to see the fun—which was a little better than nigger driving. And that let you and Cato on, colonel."

"And Dumont?"

"Got clean away to Foxboro station, leaving another score on his side for the Reeds and Higbees to wipe out, as best they can. You no 'th'n men don't believe in these sort of things, colonel, but taken as a straight dash and bit of raiding, that stroke of Sally Dows' cousin was mighty fine!"

Courtland controlled himself with difficulty. The doctor had spoken truly. The hero of this miserable affair was her cousin—his rival, and to him—perhaps influenced by some pitying appeal of Miss Sally for the man she had deceived—Courtland owed his life. He instinctively drew a quick, sharp breath.

"Are you in pain?"

"Not at all. When can I get up?"

"Perhaps to-morrow."

"And this arm?"

"Better not use it for a week or two."

He stopped and, glancing paternally at the younger man, added gravely, but kindly: "If you'll take my unprofessional advice, Col. Courtland, you'll let this matter simmer down. It won't hurt you and your affairs here that folks have had a taste of your quality, and the nigger a lesson that his fellows won't forget."

"I thank you," returned Courtland, coldly. "But I think I already understand my duty to the company I represent and the government I have served."

"Possibly, colonel," said the doctor, "but you'll let an older man remind you and the government that you can't change the habits or relations of two

distinct races in a few years. Your friend, Miss Sally Dows, although not quite in my way of thinking, has never attempted that."

"I am fully aware that Miss Dows possesses diplomatic accomplishments and graces that I cannot lay claim to," returned Courtland, bitterly.

The doctor lifted his eyebrows slightly, and changed the subject.

When he had gone Courtland called for writing materials. He had already made up his mind, and one course alone seemed proper to him. He wrote to the president of the company, detailing the circumstances that had just occurred, admitting the alleged provocation given by his overseer, but pointing out the terrorism of a mob law which rendered his own discipline impossible. He asked that the matter be reported to Washington, and some measures secured for the protection of the freedmen. In the meantime he begged to tender his own resignation, but he would stay until his successor was appointed, or the safety of his employees secured. Until then he should act upon his own responsibility and according to his judgment. He made no personal charges, mentioned no names, asked for no exemplary prosecution or trial of the offenders, but only demanded a safeguard against a repetition of the offense. His next letter although less formal and official was more difficult.

It was addressed to the commandant of the nearest federal barracks, who was an old friend and former companion-in-arms. He alluded to some conversation they had previously exchanged in regard to the presence of a small detachment of troops at Redlands during the elections—which Courtland at the time however had diplomatically opposed. He suggested it now as a matter of public expediency and prevention. When he had sealed the letters, not caring to expose them to the espionage of the local postmaster or his ordinary servants, he entrusted them to one of Miss Sally's own henchmen, to be posted at the next office, at Blitter Creek station, ten miles distant.

Unfortunately, this duty accomplished, the reaction consequent on his still weak physical condition threw him back upon himself—and his memory! He had resolutely refused to think of Miss Sally; he had been able to withstand the suggestions of her in the presence of her handmaid—supposed to be potent in nursing and herb-lore—whom she had detached to wait upon him, and he had returned politely formal acknowledgments to her inquiries. He had determined to continue this personal avoidance, as far as possible, until he was relieved, on the ground of that business expediency which these events had made necessary. She would see that he was only accepting the arguments with which she had met his previous advances. Briefly, he had recourse to that hopeless logic by which a man proves to himself that he has no reason for loving a certain woman and is as incontestably convinced by the same process that he has. And in the midst of it he weakly fell asleep, and dreamed that he and Miss Sally were walking in the cemetery; that a hideous snake concealed among some lilies, over which the young girl was bending, had uplifted its triangular head to strike. That he seized it by the neck, struggled with it until he was nearly exhausted, when it suddenly collapsed and shrunk leaving in his palm the limp, crushed and delicately-perfumed little thread glove, which he remembered to have once slipped from her hand.

When he awoke that perfume seemed to be still in the air, distinct from the fresh but homelier scents of the garden which stole through the window. A sense of delicious coolness came with the afternoon breeze that faintly thrilled the slanting slats of the blind with a slumberous humming as of bees. The golden glory of a sinking southern sun was penciling the cheap paper on the wall with leafy tracery and glowing arabesques. But, more than that, the calm of some potent influence—or some unseen presence—was upon him, which he feared a movement might dispel. The chair at the foot of his bed was empty. Sally had gone out. He did not turn his head to look further, but languid eyes falling aimlessly upon the carpet at his bedside suddenly dilated, for they fell also on the "smallest foot in the state."

He started to his elbow, but a soft hand was laid gently yet firmly upon his shoulder, and with a faint rustle of muslin skirts Miss Sally rose from an unseen chair at the head of his bed and stood beside him.

"Don't stir, co'nkle, I didn't sit here I could look in yo' face for fear of waking yo'. But I'll change seats now." She moved to the chair that Sally had vacated, drew it slightly nearer the bed, and sat down.

"It was very kind of you to come," said Courtland, hesitatingly, as, with a strong effort, he drew his eyes away from the fascinating vision, and regarded a certain cold composure, "but I am afraid my illness has been greatly magnified. I really am quite well enough to be up and about my business, if the doctor would permit it. But I shall certainly manage to attend to my duty to-morrow, and I hope to be at your service."

"Meaning that yo' don't care to see me now, co'nkle," she said, lightly, with a faint twinkle in her wise, sweet eyes. "I thought of that, but as my business wouldn't wait, I brought it to you." She took from the folds of her gown a letter. To his utter amazement it was the one he had given his overseer to post to the commandant that morning. To his greater indignation the seal was broken.

"Who has dared!" he demanded, half rising.

Her little hand was thrust out half deprecatingly. "No one yo' can fight, co'nkle; only me. I don't generally open other folks' letters, and I wouldn't have done it for myself; I did for yo'."

"For me?"

"For yo'. I reckoned what yo' might do, and I told Sam to bring me the letters first. I didn't mind what you wrote to the company—for they'll take care of yo' and their own eggs are all in the same basket. I didn't open that

one. But I did *this* when I saw the address. It was as I expected, and you'd given yo'self away! For if yo' have those soldiers down here, yo'll have a row, sure! Don't move, co'nkle, you may not care for that—it's in your lines. But folks will say that the soldiers weren't sent to prevent rioting, but that Co'nkle Courtland was using his old comrades to keep order on his property at gov'ment expense. Hol' on! Hol' on! co'nkle," said the little figure, rising and waving its pretty arms with a mischievous simulation of terrified deprecation. "Don't shoot! Of course yo' didn't mean that but that's about the way that so 'th'n men will put it to yo' government. For," she continued, more gently yet, with the shrewdest twinkle in her gray eyes, "if yo' really thought the niggers might need federal protection, yo'd have let me write to the commandant to send an escort—not to yo' but to Cato—that he might be able to come back in safety. Yo'd have had yo' soldiers; I'd have had back my nigger—which (demurely) 'yo' don't seem to worry yo'self much about, co'nkle—and there isn't a so 'th'n man would have objected. But," still more demurely, and affectedly smoothing out her crisp skirt with her little hands, "yo' haven't been troubling me much with yo' counsel lately."

A swift and utterly new comprehension swept over Courtland. For the first time in his knowledge of her he had suddenly grasped what was perhaps the true conception of her character! Looking at her clearly now he understood the meaning of those pliant graces, so unaffected and yet always controlled by the reasoning of an unbiased intellect; her frank speech and plausible intonations! Before him stood the true-born daughter of a long race of politicians! All that he had heard of their dexterity, tact and expediency rose here incarnate, with the added grace of womanhood. A quick sense of relief—perhaps a dawning of hope—rushed upon him.

"But how will this insure Cato's safety hereafter, or give protection to the others?" he said, fixing his eyes upon her.

"The future won't concern yo' much, co'nkle. If, as yo' say here, your resignation is sent in, and your successor appointed," she replied, with more gravity than she had previously shown.

"But you do not think I will leave you in this uncertainty," he said, passionately. He stopped suddenly. His brow darkened. "I forgot," he added, coldly, "you will be well protected. Your cousin will give you the counsel of rice—and—closer ties."

To his infinite astonishment, Miss Sally leaned forward in her chair and buried her laughing face in both her hands. When her dimples became again visible, she said, with an effort: "Don't yo' think co'nkle, that as a peace-maker my cousin was even a bigger failure than yo'self?"

"I don't understand," stammered Courtland.

"Don't yo' think," she continued, wiping her eyes demurely, "that if a young woman, about my size, who had got perfectly tired and sick of all this fuss made about yo' because yo' were a no 'th'n man managing niggers, if that young woman wanted to show her people what sort of a radical and abolitionist a so 'th'n man of their own sort might become, she'd have sent for Jack Dumont as a sample? Eh? Only I declare to goodness! I never reckoned that he and Higbee would revive that tom-fooling of the vendetta, and take to shootin' each other at once."

"And your sending for your cousin was only a feint to protect me," said Courtland, faintly.

"Perhaps he didn't have to be sent for, co'nkle," she said, with a slight touch of coquetry. "Suppose we say I let him come. He'd been hanging round for his property here and wanted to get me to take it up with mine in the company. I knew what his new views and ideas were, and I thought I'd better consult Champney, who, being a foreigner, and an older resident than yo', was quite neutral. He didn't happen to tell yo', co'nkle, anything about it, did he?" she added, with a grave mouth but an indescribable twinkle in her eyes.

Courtland's face darkened. "He did—and he further told me, Miss Dows, that he, himself, was your suitor, and that you had refused him because of the objections of your people."

She raised her eyes to his swiftly and dropped them.

"And you think I ought to have accepted him?" she said, slowly.

"No! but you know—you told me—he began, hurriedly, but she had already risen, and was shaking out the folds of her dress.

"We're not talking business, co'nkle—and business was my only excuse for coming here and taking Sally's place. I'll send her in to yo' now."

"But—Miss Dows!—Miss Sally!"

She stopped—hesitated—it singular weakness for so self-contained a nature—and then slowly produced from her pocket a second letter—the one that Courtland had directed to the company. "I didn't read this letter, as I just told yo', co'nkle, for I reckon I know what's in it, but I thought I'd bring it with me—in case yo' changed yo' mind."

He raised himself on his pillow as she turned quickly away; but in that single vanishing glimpse of her bright face—he saw what neither he nor anyone else had ever seen upon the face of Sally Dows—a burning blush!

"Miss Sally!" He almost leaped from the bed, but she was gone. There was another rustle at the door—the entrance of Sally.

"Call her back, Sally, quick!" he said.

The negress shook her turbaned head. "Not much, honey! When Miss Sally say she goes—she done gone, shuah!"

"But Sally!" He caught something in the significant face of the girl, tempted him, perhaps it was only an impulse of his forgotten youth—"Sally!" appealingly—"tell me!—is Miss Sally engaged to her cousin?"

"Wat dat!" said Sally, in indignant scorn. "Miss Sally engaged to dat Dumont! What to? Yo're crazy. Not!"

"Nor Champney! Tell me, Sophy—has she a lover?"

For a moment the whites of Sophy's eyes were uplifted in speechless scorn. "Yo' ask dat! Yo' lyin' dar wid dat snake-bit arse! Yo' lyin' dar and Miss Sally—who has only to whistle to call de fust quality in de state room her—coming and going here wid you and trotting on yo' arrants—and yo' ask dat! Yes! she has a lover, and what's mo', she can't help it; and yo're her lover; and what's mo' yo' can't help it either! An yo' can't back out of it now—bese of yo'—nebber! Fo' yo're hers and she's yo're—to ebber. For she sucked yo' blood."

"What!" gasped Courtland, aghast at what he believed to be the sudden insanity of the negress.

"Yes! What's yo' eyes whar's yo' ears whar's yo' dat yo' didn't see nor hear, nuffin! When dey dragged yo' outer de swamp dat night—wid de snake-bite fresh on yo' arm—didn't she, dat poh chille—dat same Miss Sally—frum herself down on yo', and put dat baby mouf of hers to de wound and suck out de pizen and sabs de life ob you at de risk ob her own! Say! And if dey's any troof in Hindoo, don't dat

make yo' one blood and one soul. Go way—white man! I'm sick of yo'! Stop dar! Lie down dar! Hol' on, co'nkle, for massy's sake. Well dar—I'll call her back!"

And she did!

"Look here—don't you know—it rather took me by surprise," said Champney a few days later, with a hearty grip of the colonel's uninjured hand—"but I don't bear malice, old fellow. Only, by Jove, it was such a sensible, all round, business-like choice for the girl to make—that no wonder I never thought of it before. Hang it all, you see a fellow was always so certain it would be something out of the way and detrimental, don't you know, that would take the fancy of a girl like that—somebody like that cousin of hers, or Higbee, or even me, by Jove, that we never thought of looking beyond our noses—ever thought of the business. And you, all the time so cold and silent and matter of fact about it. But I congratulate you! You've got the business down on a safe basis, now, and what's more you've got the one woman who can run it."

"They say he was a true prophet. At least the syndicate affairs prospered, and in course of time even the Reeds and the Higbees eventually participated in the benefits. There were no more racial disturbances, only the districts polled peacefully a smaller democratic majority at the next election. There were not wanting those who alleged that Col. Courtland had simply become Mrs. Courtland's superintendent; that she had absorbed him as she had everyone who had come under her influence, and that she would not rest until she had made him a senator—to represent Mrs. Courtland—in the councils of the nation. But when I last dined with them in Washington, ten years ago, I found them both very happy and comfortable, and I remember that Mrs. Courtland's remarks upon federal policy and state interests, the education of children and the management of the family, were eminently wise and practical."

[THE END.]

IMMORTALIZED BY SCOTT.

Heroic Conduct of One of the Novellist's Characters.

The original of Scott's character in "The Heart of Midlothian" was Helen Walker. Charged at an early age with the duty of rearing and caring for her little sister, she experienced the great grief of bringing the latter to years of maturity only to see her charged with child murder. At the trial Jeanie was subpoenaed to give evidence. She knew that her evidence, if truthfully given, would condemn her sister, and yet, even in the emergency, she declined to tell a falsehood, swore to the truth and saw her sister pronounced guilty and sentenced to the gallows.

Immediately after the trial, as, according to Scottish law, six weeks must intervene between a capital sentence and its execution, Helen started on foot to London with a petition detailing the circumstances of the case and imploring a pardon for her sister. She reached London, and after some trouble had an interview with the duke of Argyll, to whom she made known the facts, and upon their confirmation a pardon was extended to her sister.

Henry Walker was buried in the churchyard of Iron Gray, six miles from Dublin, and on her tombstone was an inscription, written at the request of some of her friends, by Walter Scott himself.—N. Y. World.

A Gold Mine.

Charley Peneceless (fondly)—You are my treasure.

Maudie Nunny—Yes; and the only one you're ever likely to have, papa says.—Chicago News Record.

Undisputed Possession.

"So old Sidener is dead and buried, I hear."

"Yes; he was always wanting the earth, and now he has it."—Puck.

Then There Was Trouble.

She—If you had never met me would you have loved me just the same?

He (convincingly)—More.—Life.

J. C. James, Jr.
DEALER IN

FURNITURE and UNDERTAKING.

ANTIOCH, ILL. MAY 11.

Dear Sir:

I furnished a 42 room hotel last week for Albert Heyman for \$650. Would be pleased to figure on your bill. I have a very large line of everything in the furniture line always in stock. Please call and see me

Yours Truly,

J. C. James Jr.

P. S.

Just got in a fine line of baby carriages, also call and see my woven wire springs for \$1.50 and chamber suits for \$12.00.

James.

NEW CARPETS

Have Arrived.

CALL IN AND SEE THEM.

We have a good assortment of

House-furnishing Goods

of all kinds.

BEAUTIFUL PORTIERES,

Fancy Scrims,

Lace Curtains,

Window Shades,

In large Variety.

Prices reduced on Wall Papers.

Just think of it! We are selling

Beautiful Dinner Sets for \$7.95.

C. O. Foltz & Co.

ANTIOCH, - ILL.

GRAIN! BUGGIES AND MACHINERY. FEED!

OATS, CORN AND GRASS SEED BOUGHT AND SOLD at market prices.

A Full Line of Feed, consisting of Bran, Middlings, Oil Meal, Gluten, ground Corn and Oats.

Buggies, \$55. and upward. Road Carts, \$15. and upward.

Several different kinds of—

Lever and Disc Harrows. Badger Broadcast Seeders. McCormick Binders and Mowers.

Samples on hand, call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

A. C. Watson, - Antioch, Ills.

ROOM AT THE TOP THERE MAY BE

But if you want to get in on

The Ground Floor

Come to

Williams Bros.,

Where you will get lowest prices on all descriptions of Merchandise, not only on the Ground Floor, but 2nd story and in the basement as well.

We invite the attention of Builders especially to

A CAR LOAD OF NAILS,

Bought at extremely Low prices.

You can make no mistake if you buy WILLIAMS BROTHERS BEST FLOUR, \$4.60 per Bbl, it is The Best and will be no lower.

SPRING STOCK

of all descriptions

Daily arriving,

and we can supply your wants.

Don't fail to see Goods and get our prices.

TUN SHOP, THE BEST IN THE COUNTY.

Execute all orders promptly.

D. M. Ferry's Garden Seeds in bulk,

ARE GOOD GROWERS.

WILLIAMS BROS.

ANTIOCH, ILL.